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Friday, June 8, 1984

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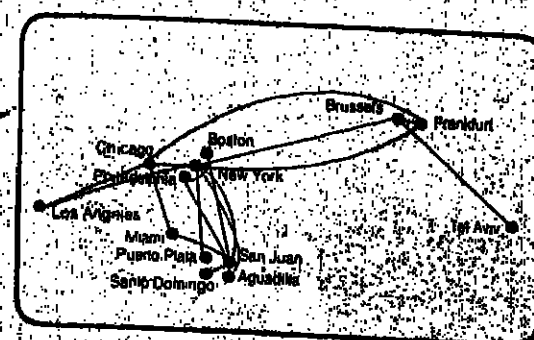
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In this Issue



On the cover. Soldiers' reunion is one of a series of photographs entitled 'Meeting in Jerusalem,' taken in 1967 by Micha Bar-Am and Cornell Capa.

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Lebanese lesions

Despite the changes that have taken place over the past two years, there has been 'almost no change in Israel's concept of what should be done in Lebanon,' writes HIRSH GOODMAN.



TWO YEARS of the war in Lebanon, and no end in sight. There are many rumours about a pending withdrawal - but they seem to be based on little more than wishful thinking. Thousands of Israeli soldiers still patrol the hostile countryside, tense and waiting for the grenade, the explosive charge that will claim yet another life, add yet another casualty to the 583 killed and thousands wounded in this war without an end.

In recent months we have heard senior officials in the defence establishment tell us more than once how a withdrawal was in the works, then how all plans had to be scrapped. We were told about elaborate plans to build up the late Major Sa'ad Haddad's army, now in the hands of General Antoine Lahad, to take over operational functions in southern Lebanon, relying only on 400 Israeli "advisers" and the quick intervention capability of forces on the Israeli side of the border, only to learn that early elections have precluded that possibility.

We have listened with patience and understanding as Defence Minister Moshe Arens explained, with incisive logic, why we cannot get out now. And we almost believed him when he told the Knesset Foreign Affairs and Defence Committee three weeks ago that the situation in the south was under control, that we could expect a drop in casualties - even though, as he spoke, five more Israeli soldiers were wounded. (Three more were killed the following day.)

WHAT DO we want in Lebanon? What, in the final analysis, are we trying to achieve there?

The answers are difficult to find. Questions elicit double-talk, and attempts to get a clear picture elicit deliberate obfuscation. Every official you speak to makes it clear that he, personally, would move out tomorrow, if only it were possible - but you know how things are with the government's credibility at stake, and all that.

Despite tremendous political and strategic changes in Lebanon over the past two years, there has been almost no change in Israel's concept of what should be done there. The PLO was banished from Beirut and went through another destructive metamorphosis in Tripoli; the Syrians have found themselves the guarantors of the Jemayel government's incumbency; the Shi'ites have become a force to be reckoned with.

Everything has changed except Israel's perception of things. We are still bound by a single option: building up Antoine Lahad's South Lebanese Army as the only force in southern Lebanon before we pull out. And the heavy casualty toll continues to mount as Israel waits for the almost impossible to happen.

THERE IS NO chance of building up Lahad's forces to the point where they will be able to control the south, unless Israel begins to take into account the fact that there are almost half a million Shi'ites and 100,000 Palestinians in that area who will not accept Christian hegemony - no matter how many tanks, or how sophisticated the equipment we give Lahad's 2,500 men, or how well we train these men.

Despite advice from the experts that Israel hold a meaningful dialogue with the Shi'ites, this has not been done. The opposite is true - Israel has done almost everything possible to antagonize them, and keeps adding salt to the wounds. Statements by military officials and the defence minister that it is impossible to deal with the Shi'ites are presented as sacred truth; defence officials are always finding new

reasons to explain why this is impossible, while totally disregarding the fact that no serious effort has ever been made to do so.

At a cabinet meeting in the last week of May, Arens informed his colleagues that Israel would not retreat from southern Lebanon as long as the IDF continued to sustain casualties there.

Israel's single option in Lebanon is the result of a determined effort by the former chief military man there, Tat Aluf Meir Dagan, to disregard suggestions from policy-makers at the Defence Ministry and continue with the fiction that Lahad and his men can be moulded into an alternative to the IDF's presence there.

It is no secret that tremendous tension developed between Dagan and the staff of the Defence Ministry's coordinator for Lebanon, Uri Lubrani, the latter finally succumbing to apathy and allowing the person who was supposed to be an executor of policy to become the formulator of policy.

Dagan consistently refused to have anything to do with the Shi'ite Amal leadership in the south, except in the most perfunctory way. His approach is to force them into submission through fear rather than cooperation; apparently he is convinced that a strong-arm approach will persuade the Shi'ites to join Lahad's forces.

The Shi'ites will not join Lahad in any meaningful or reliable way. Dagan's optimistic reports in this regard have long been recognized as

the nonsense they are by people who know, including Lubrani's staff, but no move has yet been made to change the situation.

And what makes this increasingly worrying is that those who know also know that without the cooperation of Amal - an organization with an immediate potential of 5,000 men (twice Lahad's force) - the IDF will probably never be able to get out of southern Lebanon and attain its basic security goals there.

Experts have warned that, unless some arrangement is made with the Shi'ites, unless a *modus vivendi* is reached with them, Lahad's forces and their Israeli advisers will find themselves fighting the Shi'ites rather than the PLO, and, moreover, will be preparing fertile ground for the re-infiltration of PLO terror groups in the south.

SOUTHERN LEBANON has long ceased to be hospitable territory for Israelis. The daily casualties are proof of this. The adulation that greeted the IDF as a liberating army is a thing of the past.

Today, merchants in the south have been cut off from markets in the north, and families have been split by the closure of the bridges over the Awali River. Only one crossing point remains at Batr a-Shouf, north of Jezzine in the central sector, and it is open only to those who have managed to convince the Israeli bureaucracy there to give them a permit. But even after a permit has been obtained, crossing

from south to north can take many hours, and most people give up before they start.

Roadblocks, curfews, spot checks, midnight searches and random arrests have all become part of Israel's dialogue with the inhabitants of the south, in fact its only dialogue with them. Each week leaves yet another layer of resentment, and pushes those we will ultimately have to come to terms with further and further into the hands of those who oppose us.

Talking with the Shi'ites is not an uncomplicated matter, but it is essential if the IDF is ever going to get out of southern Lebanon.

There are several basic reasons why, despite the complications, the Shi'ite leadership in the south is willing to deal with Israel. The first and most important is that the Shi'ites are probably even less eager than the Christians to have the PLO back.

From 1978 onwards, when Amal began to organize, it consistently fought against the terrorists - with limited success, true, but with determination. It fought the PLO at Burj Rahel, Saksakin, Ansar and Lubiya and Gaziyyeh, and paid the price of having its spiritual leader Musa Sudr assassinated, presumably by the Libyans, after he threatened the PLO's Salah Hafez in 1978.

When the IDF first entered Lebanon, the Israelis were greeted like allies because, even if no Shi'ite openly admitted that he was prepared to come to terms with long-

term Israeli occupation, there existed a confluence of interests.

PERHAPS because Shi'ite support was taken for granted in the beginning, Israel concentrated on finding a long-term solution to the south by forging an alliance with the Beirut government.

When Bashir Jemayel was assassinated and his brother Amin turned out to be the personification of weakness, Israel revised its policy and decided to concentrate again on building up Haddad's forces - though for all intents and purposes this tactic had been put on ice during the heavy days of the Lebanese peace talks. In fact, during the peace talks, Israel considered Haddad and his men an embarrassment.

The Amal leaders watched the gradual and frightening radicalization of their members as they came under the increasing influence of the Shi'ite fundamentalists in the north and the uncompromising stance of Amal in Beirut. The radicalization of the Shi'ites in the south was accelerated by Amal's sudden political prominence after it defeated Lebanese army units in the capital (following the withdrawal of the multi-national force from Beirut), and by the continuing cycle of Israeli preventive measures in the south that made the vociferous anti-Israel rhetoric from the north more attractive.

WHAT DID the Shi'ites of the south have to look forward to in their relations with Israel? All of Israel's efforts were geared towards building up Christian hegemony in areas where there were no Christians.

The Shi'ites, theoretically, could have joined the Haddad-Lahad army, and thus countered the threat to themselves that way; but they knew that they would have no real say in that force. They would be offered no real command positions; the Christians would never really trust them enough to allow a *bona fide* alliance to be built.

The justifiable paranoia of Lebanon's factions precludes intra-territorial cooperation, while chronic mistrust dictates that each faction be backed by an army if its adherents are to survive.

There is a solution, one that both the Likud government and the Labour opposition have refused to look at, despite the almost pleading recommendations of the experts. It would entail accepting the fact that the Shi'ites north of the Litani River should be given the task of keeping the PLO out of the area. The Christian army of General Lahad would retreat to what was known as Haddadland, the area south of the Litani River, including Tyre and the Nabatiya ridge. Lahad and the IDF would maintain a military presence there, and only there.

This would require those who are articulating Israeli policy (or the lack of it) in Lebanon to recognize the fact that not even select units of the IDF will be able to remain north of the Litani and maintain order there - not when, in the process, they have to institute measures that can only antagonize the local population.

The withdrawal from the area between the Awali and the Litani will be a unilateral gesture, since - the experts claim - it must be recognized that no formal agreement with Amal in the south is possible.

Israel will have to rely on the fact that Amal does not want the PLO back in the area, and does not want the south to be radicalized by the fundamentalists, and would thus be willing to act against those pockets that have developed.

Israel will have to take the calculated risk that Amal in the south will be able to resist pressures from Amal in the north, that the need for stability in the agrarian and commerce-oriented south will outweigh whatever ideological affinity may develop between the co-religionists. Israel will also have to hope that the Shi'ites, the Sunnis and the Druse of the south will not exploit for parochial reasons the vacuum that will be created, and that in large cities like Sidon commercial considerations will lead to an anti-PLO coalition that will keep the terrorists out.

This can work, especially if the residents of the south realize that they have been given a unique opportunity to start again. The PLO infrastructure that was created and consolidated in the south before the locals could organize themselves militarily has been wiped away by Israel. Amal in the south is today the strongest military force in the land. It has large supplies of weapons (mostly from the Syrians, from the days when the Syrians were on the same side of the fence as the Shi'ites); and its 5,000 fighters are trained to use them.

ISRAEL, as we've said, will not be able to extract a formal agreement from Amal in the south, but it will be able to count on Shi'ite self-interest. The Shi'ites will not again want a situation to develop where their fields are trampled by Israeli tanks, their villages attacked by Israeli jets, and the free flow of trade is jeopardized - all of which could be expected if the terrorists return.

The official Israeli line - that the IDF has to remain in the area until Lahad's army is strong enough to control all of southern Lebanon - is about as plausible as statements from the defence minister that there will be a sharp drop in casualties soon.

If Israel continues to wait for the Syrians to agree to a peaceful situation in the south - i.e. a Syrian commitment to stop terrorist infiltration - we could be there forever.

Given the standoff situation that has developed, and Syria's recognition that Lebanon's problem with the Israelis in the south is perhaps the only point of common interest among the sects that comprise Lebanon's rickety government, the Syrians have no reason for making such a commitment.

Despite dozens of Israeli overtures through various channels, the Syrians have absolutely refused to speak about a possible compromise.

And because Lahad will never be able effectively to take over, and the Syrians will have no incentive to negotiate for a long time, the IDF will remain in southern Lebanon for a long time - unless someone in the political leadership of this country starts thinking along different lines and is prepared to abandon the slogans that have kept us captive there for too long.

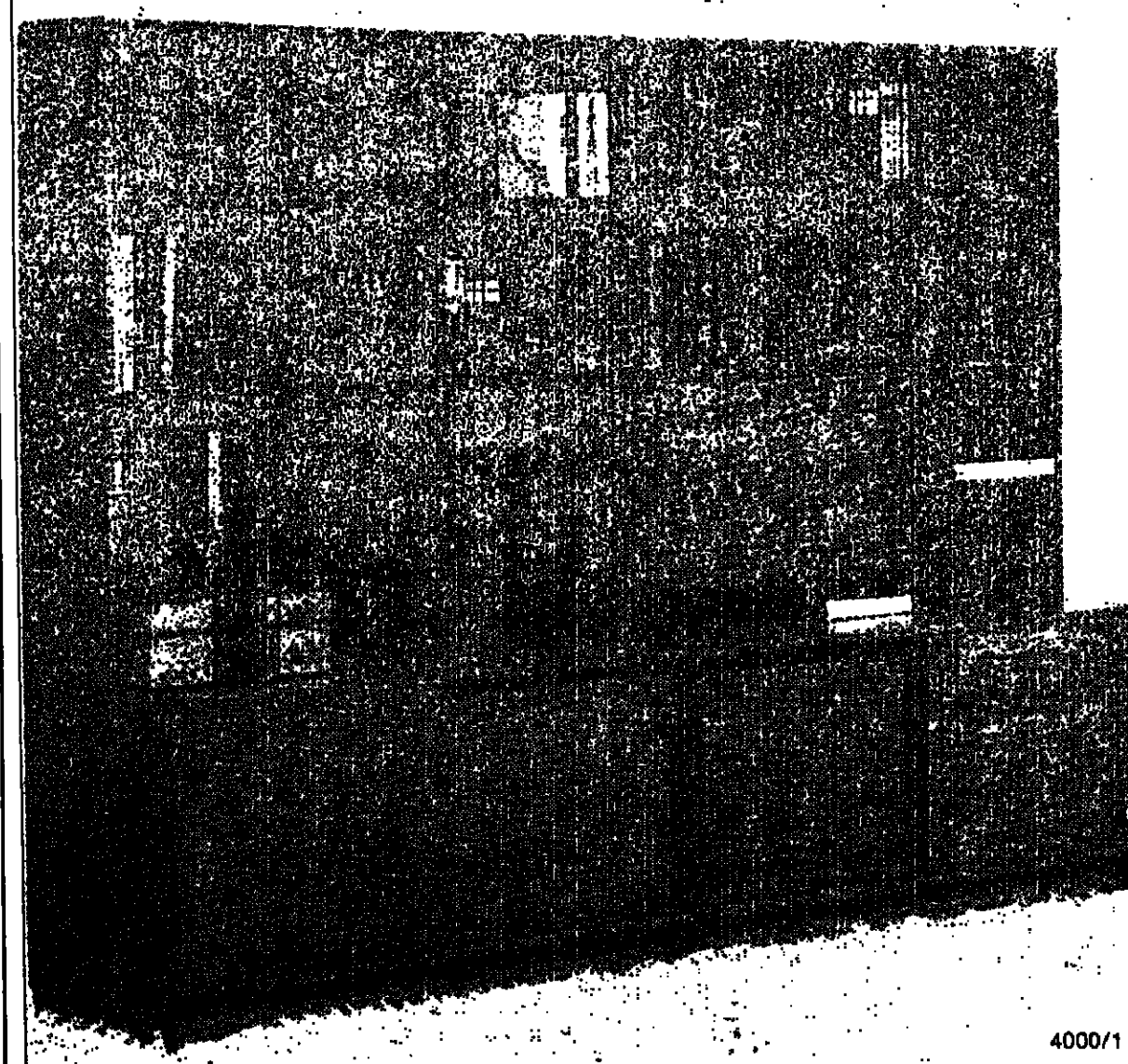
THE SITUATION regarding the Shi'ites today is not very different from that regarding the Christians in Lebanon at the time of Israel's initial flirtation with them. Nobody in the Defence Ministry of Shimon Peres believed that Major Sa'ad Haddad or members of the Jemayel family had suddenly become Zionists, and none expected them to sign a formal alliance. The sides were bound by the same mutuality of needs that today could bind Israel to the Shi'ites. Just as there are elements of Amal today that are strongly anti-Israel, there were elements of the Christian community that were violently anti-Israel in 1976.

That Israeli soldiers have to continue paying the price of government myopia regarding this mutuality of needs is no less lamentable than the decision to go to Beirut during the war.

The difference is that, while it was easy to identify Ariel Sharon as a man of excess, his successor Moshe Arens gives the impression of balanced moderation. But Arens is not moderate; he has ignored expert advice and refused to budge an inch. He has instituted a destructive policy of trying to bring the Shi'ites to their knees while simultaneously trying to make a giant out of the South Lebanese Army, which, we all know, will remain a dwarf in a situation way beyond its operational capability, in a demographic environment where its soldiers will be treated as conquerors.

A year ago it seemed impossible that we would be writing an article on the second anniversary of a war that was supposed to last 48 hours. Unless there is a radical change of thinking somewhere in the defence establishment, unless there is a willingness to look at new options, anniversary articles about the war in Lebanon will continue to be written indefinitely.

There is no reason for thousands of Israeli troops to be deployed in western-southern Lebanon. The cost in human and monetary terms is too high. It is time the defence establishment stopped being taken in by myths. The new reality must be recognized and we must not repeat the mistake we made between 1967 and 1973, when wilful blindness led to virtual catastrophe.



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THE MOUNTAIN had secrets that only the king and the king's men knew - and not even they always knew.

Superficially, the mountain's regimen was based for all to see in the prosaic paragraphs of the cease-fire agreements in 1949 detailing how many Israelis were permitted to serve there and in what conditions. But Mount Scopus would remain wrapped both in mystique and in earthly secrets from the time it became an Israeli enclave inside Jordan in the War of Independence.

The mystique was attached to the cultural acropolis floating dreamlike a kilometre inside enemy territory - for Israelis an anchor to the past and, who knew, a line to the future. This vision was realized dramatically in the return to Scopus in the Six Day War and the reconstruction of the Hebrew University campus and the Hadassah Hospital.

But the mountain's secrets did not end with the war. Military censorship dictated that they be kept. Until now. A recent gathering in Beit Turjuman Museum of a few dozen of the key people who had served on Scopus between 1948-67 marked the first time some of these secrets were uttered aloud. But even these revelations were only part of the story.

It was not until the opening day of the 1967 war - 17 years ago this week - that the Jordanians discovered that Scopus had any secrets. Under the cease-fire agreements, the 120 Israelis serving on the mount could be armed only with the World War II British rifles and sten guns that the original garrison had carried. But after the Jordanians opened fire on June 5, 1967, the Israeli garrison responded with the weapons of a modern battalion including heavy machine-guns and recoilless rifles on jeeps which had somehow been smuggled onto the hill over the years.

THE ISRAELI reservists and draftees who had done month-long stints of duty on Scopus over the years were aware, of course, that weapons and an incredible variety of other materials were arriving on the hill; but they did not know how.

"Some thought it was Arabs who brought it up on donkeys," says Dov Stern, who served as a field security non-com on Scopus for seven years. "Some were convinced we had a tunnel to the Israeli side of Jerusalem. Some thought it was smuggled in by UN people we had paid off. Some thought it was brought in the armoured buses that took the replacements up. I told them all separately that they were right."

Periodically, the reservists - officers as well as men - on guard duty at the northern entrance of the enclave near Hadassah Hospital were told to leave their position at night and to stay under cover. Their places were taken by regular army personnel from the small permanent garrison. At first light, the reservists would see the regulars trundling loads of ammunition boxes and other material towards the storage bunkers on cars.

All this, however, was only an elaborate scenario of disinformation. There had indeed been an attempt about 1954 to get a convoy through to Scopus at night through the wadi below today's Ramat Eshkol, but it had been spotted. The Israelis managed to scramble back to their lines but had to abandon the material.

Another system of smuggling was spotted at the Mandelbaum Gate in 1952 by a UN officer who pushed a rod into a barrel of fuel oil designated for Scopus and struck an ob-

ject midway. The Israelis refused to empty the barrel as he requested and he refused to permit the Israelis to take the barrel back to their lines.

It was locked in the building at the Mandelbaum Gate until the UN commander in the region returned to Jerusalem. In the presence of Jordanian and Israeli officers, he stuck a rod into the barrel and said: "The manifest says this drum is supposed to contain 200 litres. I say there are not 200 litres. This is apparently not the right drum. Bring the right drum."

The Israelis gratefully rolled out the barrel - one that contained less than 200 litres of oil but included a radio set, well wrapped.

IT WAS in the late 1950s that some still unsung genius came up with the idea of transporting materials by the one means that ensured access to Scopus and in virtually undetectable form - sending them with the regular convoys.

These convoys went up every two weeks carrying 60 men to replace half the Scopus garrison being rotated. There were two armoured buses for the men as well as trucks carrying supplies and UN escort vehicles. The convoy left from the Schneller camp serving as Jerusalem Brigade headquarters and halted at the Mandelbaum Gate, the one crossing point between Israel and Jordan. Under the armistice agreement, the Israeli garrison was supposed to be made up of policemen, as was the Jordanian contingent in the demilitarized area adjacent to Scopus. For the occasion, the Israeli soldiers donned police uniforms.

In the no-man's-land of the Mandelbaum intersection, the Israeli convoy was inspected by Arab Legion and UN officers. The "policemen" opened their kitbags and spread the items out before them. The supplies on the trucks were offloaded. The legionnaires were not permitted to touch anything, but any item they pointed at - from a soldier's *tefillin* bag to a sack of flour - would be opened by the Israelis and closely inspected by the UN official.

After everything had been cleared and reloaded, the soldiers boarded the buses again and sat on the benches running along the sides of the vehicles and the ones running down the centre. All were unarmed since the armistice agreement did not permit additional weapons to be brought to the hill. Two armed legionnaires followed them inside and posted themselves in the front and rear stairwells. Between the legionnaires and the Israelis, stood UN officers. In this fashion, the buses set out on their kilometre-long run through Jordanian Jerusalem to Scopus.

There were no windows on the buses and only the driver had narrow slits to look out of. The legionnaires were there to ensure that the Israelis did not attempt any skulduggery while passing through the Arab city, and presumably to protect the unarmed Israelis from any repetition of the massacre of the Hadassah convoy to Scopus in April, 1948, when more than 70 people were killed. That massacre had occurred in Sheikh Jarrah a few days after the massacre of Arabs in Deir Yassin.

At the British war cemetery near the entrance to the Israeli enclave, the Jordanians descended. The UN officers accompanied the convoy to Scopus and stayed there until the afternoon, when the convoy returned to Israeli Jerusalem with the 60 men who had completed their tour of duty.

THE SPECIAL unit assigned to

All the king's men



(Above) Israeli lookouts, prior to the Six Day War. (Below) The Hebrew University Mt. Scopus campus, isolated for 19 years.



come up with a smuggling method apparently contained men who had been expert in devising "slicks" - hiding places for weapons and other objects - for the pre-State underground. Their solution was to convert the two buses into gigantic, movable slicks. Without any discernible change in their appearance, a narrow space was provided between the armoured plating and the inside walls of the buses sufficient for regulation-sized ammunition boxes. The space was revealed by lifting the strip of plastic backing against which the soldiers sat along the walls.

The seats themselves, unknown to the soldiers sitting on them, hid compartments containing Uz4 submachine-guns, each with a loaded magazine alongside it, and grenades. At the front entrance,

there was a fire extinguisher as ordinary in appearance as that in any bus. However, when it was removed, the wall behind it could be swiftly dismantled to reveal a sack of grenades.

Much of this weaponry was to be used by the convoy itself if it were ambushed. With the trauma of the Hadassah convoy still fresh in Jewish memories, the military was determined that its men would never be caught defenceless passing through Sheikh Jarrah.

However, the slick of slicks was intended solely for Scopus. Before each convoy set out, the larger of the two buses would be rolled into a special shed in Schneller to which only a handful of men had access. Two fans attached to the roof of the bus, one in the front and the other at

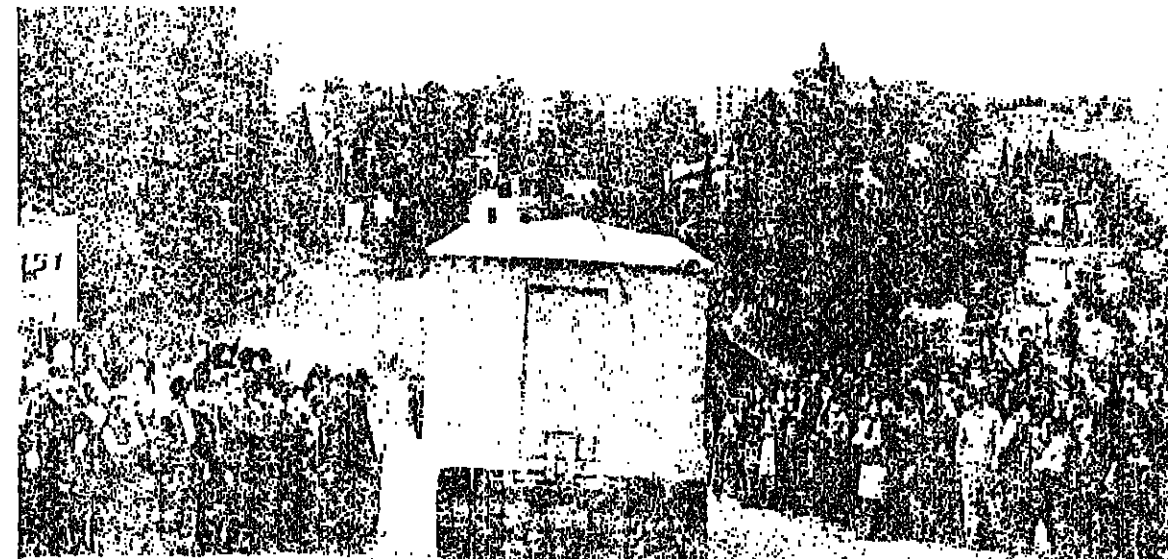
the rear, were removed, revealing in each socket three screws. These were removed in turn to reveal rods which two men would simultaneously begin turning with wrenches. The roof that had been fitted onto the bus had a hollow space half a metre high. When the men turned the rods, the upper part of the roof rose another half metre. This permitted access into the space from the outside by climbing onto the engine cowl.

Hunched over in the narrow space, the men on top would lay out the material passed up to them and then pad it with blankets and foam rubber to ensure that the legionnaires and the UN officers in the buses would not hear any clanking. The space was wide enough to take even jeeps which had been dismantled, and recoilless rifles. After the

Prior to the reunification of Jerusalem in 1967, the commander of the IDF garrison on Mt. Scopus was known as 'the king.' On the 17th anniversary of the Six Day War, The Post's ABRAHAM RABINOVICH uncovers some fascinating facts about the Israeli enclave and its inhabitants.



Buses depart for Scopus. Arms were smuggled to the mountain in hollowed-out roof sections of the vehicles.



(Above) Scopus convoy leaves Mandelbaum Gate. (Below) Convoy passes through Sheikh Jarrah quarter, photographed from Israeli side.



loading, the roof would be lowered, the screws replaced and painted over and the fans returned to working order.

The doors and windows of the shed were kept closed for security reasons, and in summer the men often hauled material into the cramped roof in stifling conditions.

ONCE THE CONVOYS reached Scopus, the men were let out inside the entrance to the enclave, the UN officers were escorted to a UN club which had been specially fitted out for them and offered a civilized assortment of drinks until the return convoy was ready.

Meanwhile, the buses were driven into the main entrance hall of Hadassah Hospital. Guards quickly took position at the approaches to keep

away visitors, including other soldiers, and the secret compartments were opened. Sometimes, defective equipment was sent back in the slicks on the return run.

The men responsible for loading and unloading the buses were among the permanent staff members on the hill - not all of whom were in on the secret. There was always one of the insiders on every bus going up or down so that if there was an ambush, someone could open the secret arm caches. The men would drill frequently so that they could open them within seconds. The permanent personnel played the role of university or hospital personnel permitted on the hill by the cease-fire agreement and they wore civilian clothes.

The isolated nature of the Scopus garrison gave it an independent

character so marked that its commander came to be called King of the Mountain and his authority was virtually sovereign. There was no getting off the hill between convoys except for emergency medical attention, in which case the UN would intercede.

The "kings" came to serve for as long as two years, spending one month on the hill and one month off. During their absence, their place would be taken by the deputy commander. The permanent staff, about 20, were the "king's men." They generally served one month on and two weeks off.

THE GARRISON'S vulnerability made secrecy a prime concern, and sometimes the "kings" themselves were not aware of all that was going

on. The secrecy was not only towards the Arabs and the UN but towards the Israeli soldiers as well, since loose talk in a small country could easily reach hostile ears. Thus, to further blur the connection between the convoys and the arms deliveries, only half the mail that arrived with the convoys would be delivered to the men that day. The other half would be withheld for distribution the day after the mysterious pulling back of the guards at the northern entrance - thus convincing most doubters that material was getting up between convoys.

The material smuggled included thousands of mines, which were planted on the approaches to the enclave under cover of darkness. Barbed wire - kilometres of it - was manufactured on the hill itself with material sent up from Schneller and dispersed around the hill's approaches over the years, gradually enough not to be noticed by the other side.

Various scenarios were conceived for Scopus in the event of war, including the possibility that it might be reinforced by helicopter-borne troops, or that an armoured force might break through to relieve it. A helicopter landing area was prepared within a sheltered courtyard of the abandoned Hadassah compound (but it was never used). Likewise, enormous supplies of fuel were laid in for refuelling tanks - the fuel ostensibly being sent up for the hill's electrical generator. "We had enough weapons up there for more than a battalion and enough ammunition for a division," says Baruch Waldman, who was for a long time in charge of supplies at the Schneller end.

Known to even fewer men was a secret communications device - variously described as using laser or infra-red rays - which had been developed late in World War II by Germany and which permitted direct line-of-sight radio communication between Scopus and Schneller that was impossible for anyone to overhear. A special room atop the Schneller headquarters building, with a window facing towards Scopus, was set aside for this device, which still bore a Nazi swastika when it arrived. Even ranking officers were barred from that room. The line-of-sight between Scopus and Schneller, three kilometres apart, was also utilized in another way for communication. Two 200-watt bulbs above Schneller headquarters would be switched on and off whenever headquarters had a communication for Scopus outside normal listening hours. Lookouts on Scopus with powerful telescopes which had a magnifying power of 80 could easily see this signal.

TO THE PERMANENT staff, Scopus duty was a rich experience filled with responsibility, secrets and the feeling that the garrison was fulfilling a vital national role. "Anything that entered Arab Jerusalem we would see and report," says Stern.

But for the reservists it was a claustrophobic experience which passed with agonizing slowness. The hill was divided into five sectors and the men were housed in the hospital or university buildings, sleeping on old hospital beds.

The principal task was guard duty at night. The men would either serve in fixed positions or engaged in foot patrols. A major task of the latter was to make sure that the former stayed awake. The exposed position of Scopus makes it a cold place to pass a winter's night out of doors. A favoured position was the one overlooking the Arab village of Issawiya, abutting the Scopus perimeter on

the east. Here, at least, the guards could find something of interest in village life and follow festive celebrations. On the opposite slope, the windows of the Palace Hotel on the approaches to Augusta Victoria also offered targets of opportunity for bored soldiers using binoculars.

Periodically over the years, boredom would give way to tension and to shooting incidents. In 1958, four men on patrol through the botanical garden were killed by Jordanian fire. A UN officer who attempted to extricate them was also killed.

Sometime in the late 1950s, two reservists driven to distraction by their confinement reportedly slipped off the hill one evening and made their way through the minefields on a cleared path, passing without detection through the Jordanian streets; they crossed no-man's-land and got to the Zion Cinema in downtown Israeli Jerusalem in time for the second showing. They then made their way back to the hill the same night.

Although the story sounds apocryphal, many of the senior Scopus veterans insist that it is true. "I saw the movie tickets they brought back with them to prove it to their friends," says Stern. The pair were reportedly shipped off the hill with the next convoy, sentenced to several weeks in military jail, and then sent back up to Scopus to finish their allotted reserve time.

One Friday night, a woman was spotted walking casually through one of the buildings. "This is God's house, isn't it?" she asked of the astounded soldier who stopped her. The UN was invited to escort her off. The woman was identified as a mentally disturbed Christian lady living in Wadi Joz, at the foot of the hill. She had somehow made her way through the minefields without injury.

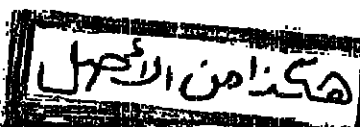
To compensate somewhat for the isolation, the garrison was provided with abundant food well prepared by a civilian cook working on Scopus for the army. A civilian baker also provided fresh bread every day. The convoys brought up movie reels which were shown twice a week with Hebrew subtitles hand cranked separately onto the screen, more or less simultaneously, depending on the operators' knowledge of the language spoken. The abandoned university's sports facilities were available for those who wanted to play basketball or soccer. Other morale boosters in those pre-television days were a ping-pong table, a well-stocked Shekem canteen and an army library. The National Library on Scopus - which had been the main library in the country - was strictly off-limits to the soldiers, as were most of the university and hospital facilities. These two institutions, in fact, each maintained a watchman on Scopus to guard against the army guarding them.

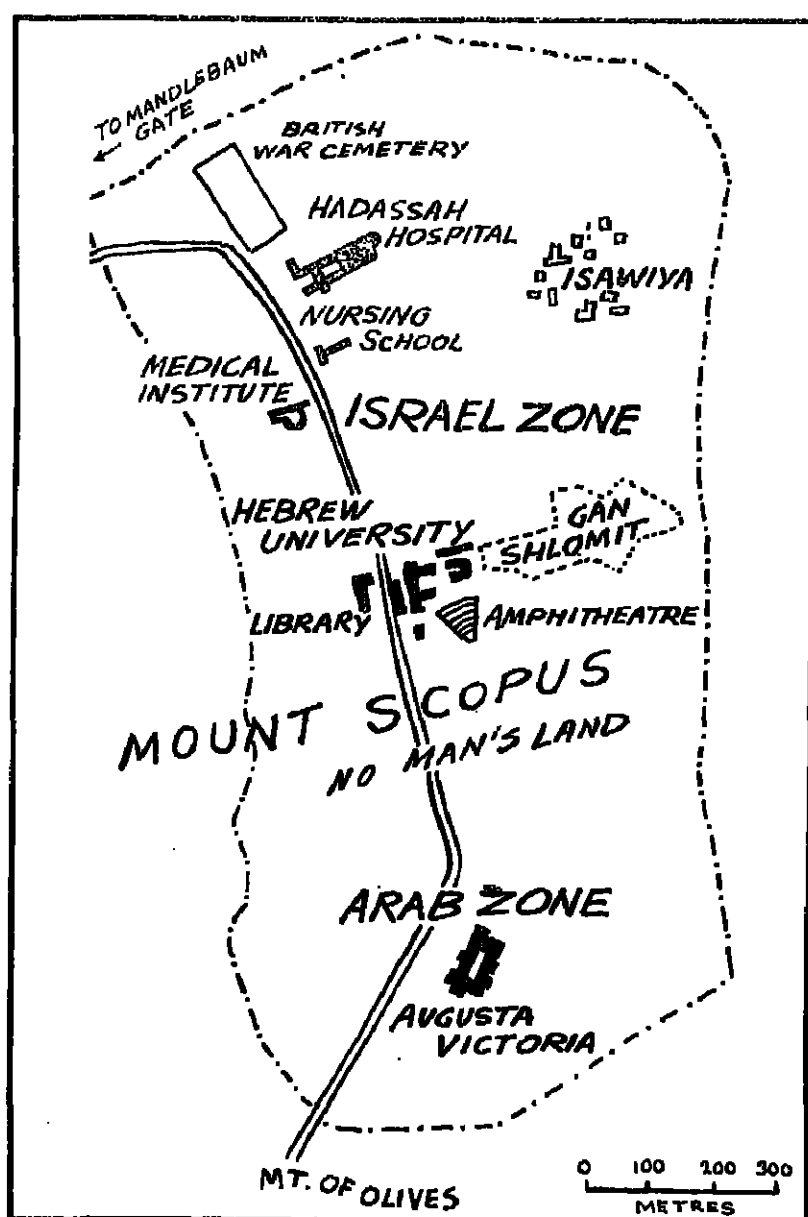
SCOPUS - the Greek word for lookout - indeed served as an important Israeli intelligence periscope. Careful logs were kept of all military vehicles entering Jordanian Jerusalem from the main roads to the east and north and reported in code to Schneller.

The Jordanians were apparently unaware of the steady accretion of Israeli armaments on the hill. In 1958, following the wounding of an Israeli soldier on patrol, the command on Scopus decided to tap into a telephone wire seen leading from the Jordanian position that had done the firing and the Jordanian command post in Augusta Victoria.

Permission for the operation was granted by the commander of the

(Continued overleaf)





(Continued from page 7)

Jerusalem Brigade in Schnell. Abit-mishne Matityahu Peled, who is now seeking to run for the Knesset on a Jewish-Arab list. A patrol made its way through the minefield at night and linked in to the Arab line. A few nights later, the Israelis staged a routine drill of manning all positions on the hill's perimeter. The listener on the tap heard a forward Jordanian observer reporting with some alarm to his commander that *il yahud* (the Jews) were taking up firing positions. "Don't worry," the commander assured him, "all they can put into them are brooms and hoes."

On the eve of the Six Day War, the garrison began moving its most modern weaponry into those positions. King of the Mountain was Menahem Scharfmann, a mustachioed regular army officer from Haifa who had been on the hill two years. As tension mounted, he received permission from Schnell to place 700 additional mines on the Scopus approaches. The cries of "Slaughter the Jews" could be heard rising from mosque loudspeakers in the Arab city and a friendly UN officer asked Scharfmann if he would consider evacuation of the hill in view of the fate that would befall the garrison if war broke out. "If war breaks out, we'll be in Jericho in two days," Scharfmann replied.

Less confident was the commander of the central front, Aluf Uzi Narkiss. "Scopus is a big hill and despite all the fortifications that had been made over the years, the garrison couldn't stand against a serious attack with tanks," said Narkiss recently. "There was a real danger of such an attack. I wasn't afraid of

Jerusalem falling but I was afraid for Scopus."

When then defence minister Moshe Dayan came to visit Narkiss at his advance command post at the Kastel, at the opening of the war, the latter asked what forces would be available if the Jordanians launched a major attack on Scopus. Dayan told him he would have to grit his teeth because no forces could be spared until the main encounter with the Egyptians in the south had been decided.

In the opening hours of the war, Jordan Radio announced the capture of Scopus. No attack had been launched but the broadcast seemed a clear indication of intent.

Narkiss' strategy in the battle for Jerusalem was based on his determination to save Scopus. Thus, the 10th Armoured Brigade was sent on a flanking movement to the north of Jerusalem in order to reach the Scopus approaches before a Jordanian armoured brigade arrived in Jerusalem from the Jordan Valley. When the paratroop brigade commanded by Motta Gur arrived in Jerusalem on the first night of the war, its primary objective was not to reach the Old City but to link up to Scopus via Sheikh Jarrah and Wadi Joz.

In the opening hours of the battle, heavy fire was opened on Scopus from French Hill and Augusta Victoria and from artillery batteries in the Hizme area. The hill provided adequate cover and no one was hit. During the night, the roar of tanks could be heard rising up from the Judean Desert to the east where Jordanian armour was coming up the Jericho road. Following the report of the movement from Scopus, Israeli aircraft rocketed the tank convoy

with devastating effect. When the remainder of the column reached the main road of Scopus in the morning, it found the 10th Brigade tanks, which had arrived moments earlier, waiting for it.

SHORTLY after noon on the second day of the war, a jeep and a half-track pulled up at the main gate to the Scopus enclave to the astonishment of the guards.

In the vehicles were Dayan, Narkiss, Ezer Weizman and other senior officers. The visitors mounted to the roof of the National Library where, with Scharfmann they looked out over the city. Narkiss had been a student at the university when he had left Scopus for the last time in November, 1947. His last view then was of smoke rising from the Mamilla commercial area set aflame by Arabs incensed at the UN's partition decision the day before. This time, the smoke of battle drifted over the city. Within a day, the battle would be over and Jerusalem reunited.

Although he served on Scopus for seven consecutive years, and despite the fact that he lives in Jerusalem, Dov Levin has been back to visit the hill only about four times in the past 17 years. "It's hard to explain why," he says. "I think it's true for most of us who served up there. It's all changed. It doesn't feel like home anymore. It's as if they've destroyed the hill."

The hill, of course, has not been destroyed but rebuilt - overbuilt, some will say - with an enormous university campus many times larger than the original and a modern hospital. But for the kings of the hill and the kings' men the mystique of Scopus outlives its secrets.

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

BRUBA - Fragments of Talmud woven into a creative (in English). (Pargod, Bezak St., Monday at midnight)

ENTANGLEMENTS - THE WOOL STORY - Puppet theatre presenting the elements of textile art. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 8 p.m.)

LINDSAY KEMP COMPANY (Italy) - "Flowers," based on the biography of Jean Genet, playwright, homosexual and criminal (without words). (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m., Sunday at 5 and 9 p.m., Monday at 10 p.m., Tuesday at 10 p.m., Wednesday at 10 p.m., Thursday at 5 and 9 p.m.)

PERICLES PRINCE OF TYRE - By Shakespeare. Produced by Cheek by Jowl (England). An original rendering (in English). (Khan Theatre, Monday at 8.30 p.m., Tuesday at 9 p.m., Sunday at 6 and 9 p.m.)

VANITY FAIR - By William Thackeray. Produced by Cheek by Jowl (England). A satire on British high society in 1815 (in English). (Gardner Centre, tomorrow, Wednesday at 9 p.m., Sunday at 6 and 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

THE HOUSE - By Ibsen. Habimah production. (Habimah, Small Hall, tomorrow at 9 p.m., Sunday through Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

GIETTO - Haifa Municipal Theatre production. About a theatre group in the Vilna Ghetto. (Habimah, Large Hall, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE HOMECOMING - By Harold Pinter. Cameri Theatre production. A son returns home to introduce his wife. (Dvora, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

LIES - Cameri production. Friendship between two families. (Cameri, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

NO ENTRANCE TO PARLIAMENTARY DIGGS - One-woman show by Billie Yenne. A satire of Israel today. (Theatre Club, 7 Mendele, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

ORISTEA - By Sophocles. Habimah production. (Habimah, Large Hall, tomorrow at 9 p.m., Sunday through Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

QUARTET FOR TWO - Selection of love excerpts from plays by Beckett, Pinter, Wilde and Wilder (in English). (Imperial Hotel, 66 Hayarkon, tonight at 10 p.m.)

THE SUITCASE PACKERS - A light comedy by Ianosch Levita. Cameri Theatre production. (Cameri Theatre, tomorrow at 7.45 and 9.45 p.m., Sunday, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

A WOMAN ALONE - By Simone de Beauvoir. Mono-drama. Beit Leissin production. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

Haifa

CAVIALE E LENTICCHIE - Neapolitan comedy. (Habimah production, Haifa Theatre, tomorrow, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m., Wednesday also at 4.30 p.m.)

"DOR REDI, GOKS ROUND AND ROUND" - By Shalom Aleichem (in Yiddish). (Haifa Theatre, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

NEVER NEGLECT THE LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE - Scenario by Samuel Beckett and The Futurists. (Beit Abba Khoushy, Tuesday, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

THE POISON MUSHROOM - By Brecht. Musical adapted from documents from Nazi Germany. (Wadi Salib Theatre, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE KRYSTEN HOUR OF 6 - Tareta production. (Wadi Salib Theatre, tonight at 9 p.m.)

VANITY FAIR - (Beit Abba Khoushy, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Others

JUBILER - Khan production. A macabre play taking place in a Jewish cemetery in Germany in 1983. (Heersheba Theatre, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE SKAGULL - By Chekhov. Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. (Beersheba Theatre, tomorrow through Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

CHILDREN AND YOUTH

Jerusalem

AN ADVENTURE IN JERUSALEM - Puppet theatre for all ages. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

BOND STREET THEATRE COALITION - Pantomime, movement, music, acrobatics, etc. (Khan, today at 2 and 8.30 p.m., Israel Museum, today at 2.30 p.m.)

GILGAMESH - An early version of the stories of Genesis. (YMCA, Sunday, Monday at 5 p.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO - Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday, Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

MINI CIRCUS - Acrobats, clowns, bearded lady, lion-tamer. (Liberty Bell Garden, Thursday at 7.30 p.m.)

ODISSEA - Shadow puppet show. (YMCA, Tuesday, Wednesday at 5 p.m.)

SCENT OF COOKING - Puppet theatre for age 5 and above. (Train Theatre, Monday at 4.30 p.m.)

STORY HOUR - A collection of folk tales, plus original stories. (Khan Theatre, today at 2.30 p.m.)

STORY-TELLING HOUR - (In English). (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

THE WAY BEHIND THE SHADOW - Puppet theatre for ages 4-7. The story of a kind monster. (Train Theatre, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BATSEVA DANCE COMPANY - Clowns and Other Fools by Lotte Goslar. (Wohl Amphitheatre, Sunday at 6 p.m.)

MAJOR MINOR - Family concert with the Israel Chamber Orchestra. Conductor and narrator Arich Vardi. Works by Mozart, Bach, Lev Kogan. (Tel Aviv Museum, Wednesday, Thursday at 4.30 and 6 p.m.)

OLD KING COLE - Theatre. (Tel Aviv Museum, Monday at 4.30 p.m.)

"PANTO" - Musical pantomime with Hanoch Rosonne and friends. (Beit Leissin, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)



The Amadeus Trio appear at Shefayim tomorrow; Han Rechman appears at the YMCA, Jerusalem, on Thursday.

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ - With well-known musicians. (Pargod, today at 1.30 p.m., Wednesday at 9.30 and 11.30 p.m.)

APPLES OF GOLD - Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Laromne Hotel, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM - Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

CABARET - Music, circus acts, commedia dell'arte, satire (in English). (Ramada Renaissance Hotel, Tuesday at 10.30 p.m.)

THE FUNNY MAN - Mime and comedy with Johan Chugrin and Ronalda Chugrin. (Pargod, tomorrow at midnight, Monday at 10 p.m.)

GUITAR HAPPENING - With flamenco guitarist Uddi Oller and friends. (Pargod, Thursday at 10 p.m. and midnight)

HARRY DE WIT - Jazz piano concert. (Khan, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

ISRAEL FOLKLORE - Taste of Israel Dancers. Pa'amel Taiman folkdancers. (International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Emeck Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ - With the Freddie Weigal Trio. (Hilton, Monday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ - Freddie Weigal, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Ghidone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nablus Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA - Hassidic rock with Selah. (Israel Centre, 10 Strass, tomorrow at 9.45 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA - With new Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

TOFA'AH - Jewish music by women for women only. (Pargod, Tuesday at 9.30 and 11.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

DON'T SHOOT - I'M A PACIFIST - A cabaret from the Thirties. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

DUDU TOPAZ - Satire evening. (Old Jaffa, El Hamra, tonight at 10 p.m., Beit Leissin, tomorrow at 9.45 p.m., Beit Leissin, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

FIND A GOOD WOMAN - Musical with risqué songs about a bride and groom. (Beit Leissin, Monday at 9 p.m.)

GENTLEMEN THE HYSTERIA RETURNS - By Motti Glendi. Singing, dancing and acting. (Nahmani, tomorrow at 9.45 p.m.)

HAGASHASH HAHIVER - Programme of humour and satire. (Ramat Gan, Ordeca, tonight at 10.30 p.m.; T.A., Beit Leissin, Sunday, Monday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ - Danny Gottfried, piano; Albert Hantela, flute, clarinet; Teddy King, cello, euphonium. (Cafe Pilz, 84 Hayarkon, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

THE MAGICAL TRIO - Jazz with Michael Greenblatt. In Dora. Zippa Bai-Yehud. (Dan Hotel, Monday at 8 p.m.)

PANTOMIME EVENING - Shimon Apthony. (ZOA House, 1 Frishel, tonight at 10 p.m.)

SEASHORES - Songs of Nahum Huynan. (Neve Zedek, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR - With well-known musicians. (Beit Leissin, Sunday at 10 p.m.)

Haifa

GENTLEMEN THE HYSTERIA RETURNS - (Shavil, tonight at 10.30 p.m.)

Others

APPLES OF GOLD - See Jerusalem. (Elit, Moriah, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

MATTITYAHU AND ALEXANDER - Music by Sasha Argov. Presented by Matti Cuspi. (Shefayim, tonight at 11 p.m.)

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES (Spain) - Soprano, Spanish and Latin songs, with piano, flute and guitar accompaniment. (Dormition Abbey, today at 2.30 p.m., Thursday at 9 p.m.; Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

ORGAN AND TRUMPET RECITAL - Gert August and David Tsai (Germany). Works by Mozart, Hummel, Bach, Eben, Albin, Vivaldi and others. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, today, Sunday at 4.30 p.m.)

ENGLISH MUSIC FROM ELIZABETH I to II - Cilla Grossmeyer, soprano; Alan Tchaikovsky, clarinet; Sara Fuxon-Hayman, piano. Elizabethan songs, works by Hock, Sullivan, Britten. (Tzavin, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

GRAND PIANO CONCERT - From 1 to 160 Fingers. 16 Well-known Israeli pianists play works by Czerny, Schubert, Rossini, Gounod, Ives, Stravinsky, Milhaud, Ron Weidberg. (Binyanei Ha'uma, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

THE ISRAELI SYMPHONETTA, Beersheba - Conductor Uri Schneider. Soloists Boris Berman, piano; Eric Drucker, clarinet. Works by Rosini, Prokofiev, Mendelssohn. (YMCA, Sunday)

ORGAN RECITAL - Gerhard Weinberger and Norbert Dacher (Germany). Works by Lotti, Schütz, Bach, Piazz, Cherubini, Multer, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Reger and others. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, Monday through Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

CHAMBER MUSIC FOR FLUTE, CELLO AND PIANO - Rananan Eilon, Alexander Kaganovsky and Natasha Tadson. Works by Prokofiev, Weber. (Tzavin, Monday)

TOELZER KNABEN CHOIR (Germany) - A boys' choir. A cappella works by Britten, Schütz, Mendelssohn, Bach. (Dormition Abbey, Monday, Tuesday)

VOICES CONTEMPORANIS - The National Rumanian String Quartet with Anna Wessel, piano. Works by Beethoven, Schumann, Enescu. (YMCA, Tuesday)

GRADUATION PIANO RECITAL - Gilad Mishori. (Rubin Academy, Beit Hillel, 4 Batfour, Wednesday)

"ETNAHTA" - Michael Haran, cello; Han Rechman, piano. Works by Beethoven. I. Rechman. Schubert. (YMCA, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BAROQUE CONCERT - Helge Birkeland, bass; Asher Freiz, piano. Works by Handel, Schütz, Norwegian composers, Negro spirituals. (Old Jaffa, 9 Beer Hoffman, tomorrow)

ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - Conductor Myung Whun Chung. Soloist Yo Yo Ma, cello. Works by Hindemith, Elgar, Schumann. (Mann Auditorium, tomorrow at 9 p.m., Sunday, Monday)

ISRAELI CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - Conductor and soloist Arich Vardi, piano. Works by Yacov Gilboa, Mozart. (Tel Aviv Museum, Sunday)

QUARTETS - Milka Lachs, piano; Uri Planka, violin; Daniel Binyamini, viola; Marcel Bregman, cello. Quartets by Mozart, Schumann, Brahms. (Beit Ariella, 25 Shaul Hanalech, Wednesday)

Haifa

RAVIV TRIO - Anna Rosnovsky, violin; Paul Blaserberger, cello; Benjamin Oren, piano. Works by Schumann, Bloch, Schubert. (Beit Abba Khoushy, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES - (Haifa Auditorium, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

CHURCH CONCERT - Er Freud, organ; Robert Israel, viola. Bach programme. (Stella Mari Church, Monday at 7.30 p.m.)

(Continued on page C)

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Fri. June 8
Double feature/1 ticket:
Sahara 2.30
Champ 4.15
Sat., June 9
Sahara 7.30
Looking For Mr. Goodbar 9.30
Sun., June 10
Champ 5
Sahara 7.30
Looking For Mr. Goodbar 9.15
Mon., June 11
Sahara 5.30
Champ 7.15
Looking For Mr. Goodbar 9.30
Tue., June 12
Triple feature/1 ticket:
Revenge Of The Ninja 6.30
The Concrete Jungle 8
First Blood 9.30
Wed., June 13
Triple feature/1 ticket:
First Blood 6.30
The Concrete Jungle 8
Revenge Of The Ninja 9.30
Thur., June 14
Triple feature/1 ticket:
The Concrete Jungle 6.30
First Blood 8
Revenge Of The Ninja 9.30

EDEN

3rd week
UNCOMMON VALOR
Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

EDISON

5th week
FOOTLOOSE
Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

HABIRA

3rd week
THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH
Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

ISRAEL MUSEUM

Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 3.30
LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY
Tue. 6, 8.30
MISSING

Kfir

2nd week
BREAKDANCE
Sat. 9.10
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

MITCHELL

3rd week
FANNY AND ALEXANDER
Sat. 8.45
Weekdays 5, 8.30
Complimentary tickets not accepted

ORGIL

LE BAL
Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORION

3rd week
EDUCATING RITA
Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

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IRMA LA DOUCE
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Weekdays 7, 9.15

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Sunday 12.50
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ZELIG
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Weekdays 4, 7, 9

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MUDDY RIVER
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Weekdays 4.45, 9

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JUNGLE WARRIORS
Tonight 10, Sat., Wed. 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

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FOOTLOOSE
Directed by Herbert Ross.
With Kevin Bacon, John Lithgow, Diane West
Friday night, Tuesday 9.45, 12
Saturday, Wednesday 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

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Sun., Tue. 8.30 p.m.

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CHEN 1

14th week
Tonight, Tuesday, 9.45, 12.15
Saturday, Wednesday 7.15, 9.45
Weekdays 4.35, 7.15, 9.45

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT

* SHIRLEY MACLAINE
* DEBRA WINGER
* JACK NICHOLSON

CHEN 2

4th week
CROSS CREEK
Friday night, Tuesday 9.45, 12.15
Saturday 7.15, 9.40
Weekdays 4.15, 7.15, 9.40

CHEN 3

STAR 80
* CLIFF ROBERTSON
Friday, Tuesday 10, 12.15
Saturday, Wednesday 7.25, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.25, 9.40

CHEN 4

14th week
EXPERIENCE PREFERRED BUT NOT ESSENTIAL
Tonight 10-10.12.05
Saturday 7.30, 9.45
Weekdays 7.30, 9.45

CHEN 5

5th week
THE RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE
Tonight, Tuesday 9.30
Saturday, Wednesday 7.30, 9.45
Weekdays 10.30, 1.30, 4.30, 7.30, 9.45

CINEMA ONE

5th week
SCARFACE
Friday 10
Saturday 9.30
Weekdays 6.30, 9.30

CINEMA TWO

4th week
SHOGUN
Saturday 9.30
Weekdays 6.30, 9.30

CLASS 86 Allenby Rd.

2nd week
BETRAYAL
Friday, Tuesday 9.45, 12
Saturday, Wednesday 7.45, 10
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.45

DEKEL

9th week
UNFAITHFULLY YOURS
Weekdays 7.40, 9.40

DRIVE-IN

Friday 10; weekdays 10
VERTIGO
At 8.15
GO FOR IT
Sex film
Friday 12.15; weekdays midnight

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13th week
LES COMPERES
* GERARD DE PARDEU
* PIERRE RICHARD
Fri. 10, Sat. 8.10
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.30

GAT

4th week
THE BIG CHILL
In a cold world you need your friends to keep you warm.
Saturday, Wednesday 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

GORDON

3rd week
Italian film
YENTL
10th week
Tonight 9.45
Sat. 7.30
Weekdays 12.15, 7.30
Tonight 12 midnight
THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH
Sat. 11 a.m.
James Bond film

SHAHAF

17th week
EDUCATING RITA
* MICHAEL CAINE
* JULIE WALTERS
Tonight at 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.30, 9.40

TCHOLET

BLOOD WEDDING
Saturday, Wednesday 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

TEL AVIV

2nd week
BREAKDANCE
Tonight 10 and 11.45
Saturday, Tuesday 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

LIMOR

2nd week
GREEN
Tonight, Tuesday 10, 12
Saturday 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

SOPHIA LOREN in Verdi's AIDA

Sung by PINHATA TEBALDI
Saturday 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

STUDIO

17th week
EDUCATING RITA
* MICHAEL CAINE
* JULIE WALTERS
Tonight at 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.30, 9.40

TEL AVIV

2nd week
BREAKDANCE
Tonight 10 and 11.45
Saturday, Tuesday 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

TEL AVIV MUSEUM

2nd week
Discover Tom Mallet's
MY DINNER WITH ANDRE
"He's a picture of the year"
Chicago Star Times
Written by and starring
Andre Gregory and Wallace Shawn
Saturday and Sunday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM

16th week
FANNY AND ALEXANDER
Tonight at 10, Sat., Wed. 5.30, 9
Weekdays 4.30, 8.30

SHAVIT

2nd week
THE MEANING OF LIFE
6.30
10th week
FANNY AND ALEXANDER
8.30

HOD

3rd week
UNCOMMON VALOR
Tonight 10
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.30

LEV I

5th week
ZELIG
14th week
Tonight 9.30, 11.15
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 8, 10

LEV II

11th week
THE DRESSER
* ALBERT FINNEY
* TOM COURTENAY
Tonight 9.15, 11.30
Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MAXIM

2nd week
GORKY PARK
Saturday, Wednesday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.30

MOGRABI

2nd week
RISKY BUSINESS
Friday 10, Saturday 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

ORLY

3rd week
THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH
Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

PARIS

4th week
ERENDIRA
Tonight 10; Saturday 7.15, 9.40
Weekdays 10, 12, 2, 4, 7.15, 9.40

PEER

2nd week
LE BAL
A film by Ettore Scola
Winner of a Silver Bear - Best Director, Berlin Film Festival
3 Oscars (French "Oscar") - Best Picture, Best Director, Best Music
Saturday and Sunday 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

SHAHAF

10th week
YENTL
Tonight 9.45
Sat. 7.30
Weekdays 12.15, 7.30
Tonight 12 midnight
THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH
Sat. 11 a.m.
James Bond film

SHAHAF

17th week
EDUCATING RITA
* MICHAEL CAINE
* JULIE WALTERS
Tonight at 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.30, 9.40

TCHOLET

BLOOD WEDDING
Saturday, Wednesday 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

TEL AVIV

2nd week
BREAKDANCE
Tonight 10 and 11.45
Saturday, Tuesday 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

TEL AVIV MUSEUM

2nd week
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"He's a picture of the year"
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SHAVIT

2nd week
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6.30
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"He's a picture of the year"
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Written by and starring
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Saturday and Sunday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 7.15, 9.30

ZAFON

16th week
FANNY AND ALEXANDER
Tonight at 10, Sat., Wed. 5.30, 9
Weekdays 4.30, 8.30

HAIFA Cinemas

2nd week
GORKY PARK
Saturday, Wednesday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.30

AMPHITHEATRE

2nd week
THE THIEF WITH FIVE FACES
Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ARMON

2nd week
RISKY BUSINESS
* TOM CROSS
Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ATZMON

2nd week
BREAKDANCE
Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

CHEN

4th week
FUNNY GIRL
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* OMAR SHARIF
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* ISABELLE WEINGARTEN
* G. DE GOETTE

MORIAH

2nd week
RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE
Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORAH

2nd week
* MEL BROOKS
* ANN BRANCROFT
In a wonderful comedy
TO BE OR NOT TO BE
Sat. 7, 9.15; weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORLY

Israel first run
ZELIG
* WOODY ALLEN
* MIA FARROW
Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 7, 9

RON

5th week
FOOTLOOSE
4, 6.45, 9

PEER

10th week
TERMS OF ENDEARMENT
* SHIRLEY MACLAINE
* DEBRA WINGER
* JACK NICHOLSON
6.45, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

2nd week
STAR 80
Friday, Tuesday, 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 5, 7.15, 9.30
Matinees at 5
CRON

LILY

3rd week
GORKY PARK
Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

OASIS

6th week
STAR SHIP INVASION
7.15, 9.45
Matinees at 5
THE LOVE BUG

ORDEA

5th week
NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN
Scan Country is James Bond, 007
Tonight, Wednesday 10
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.45

RAMAT GAN

2nd week
MIDNIGHT EXPRESS
A true story, winner of 2 Oscars

HERZLIYA Cinemas

DAVID
UNDER FIRE
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

SHAVIT

2nd week
THE MEANING OF LIFE
6.30
10th week
FANNY AND ALEXANDER
8.30

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

2nd week
STAR 80
Friday, Tuesday, 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 5, 7.15, 9.30
Matinees at 5
CRON

LILY

3rd week
GORKY PARK
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2nd week
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A true story, winner of 2 Oscars

HERZLIYA Cinemas

DAVID
UNDER FIRE
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

TIFERET

* RUD SPENCER
* FRANCES HILL
5, 7.30, 9.30

HOLON Cinemas

MIGDAL
GO FOR IT
Friday, Tuesday 10
Weekdays 5, 7.15, 9.40

SAVOY

3rd week
SCARFACE
Tonight 9.45
Saturday and weekdays 7, 9.30
Matinees at 5
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The best films, on video cassettes. From all the big

THE BATCHEVA's most recent performances, at the Cameri in Tel Aviv, were really a continuation of the company's 20th anniversary celebrations, especially since the programme included two premieres.

Albin Ailey's *Escapades* (music: Max Roach) was the choreographer's birthday gift to Batcheva. Ailey sent Ulysses Dove to set it here as well. It may not be a masterpiece, but it is certainly a work of the master.

The company looked well run in - not as easy in its ways as Ailey's own company, of course, but body-conscious and body-proud enough to make it typically Ailey.

As in other Ailey works, the structure was episodic and the moves were wide-stepping, wide-sweeping, never cluttered but never still. The dancers seldom touched but always showed an awareness of the group.

In fact, Ailey's dancers are never a crowd. They offer themselves to each other, to the audience, to the world, but they are free. The special sway of the hips that marks Ailey works indicates sexy men and

women with strong feelings. Here the movements were sensuous but not erotic. Though there were Ailey clichés (swinging arms and bends), nothing was overstated. The warm, coloured costumes and deep red set (by Carol V. Garner) - with Shelly Sheer and Haim Ohn in black and white for contrast - added to the "hot" tone.

Siki Kul's *A Catech* (music especially composed by Rona Vered) had some parallels with the Ailey work, but was rather serious in mood and had one central figure. It was danced with conviction - and high leaps - by David Dvir.

The groupings and interlacings showed an evolution in Kul's style and drive, but some of the action seemed to be imposed on the dancers rather than developed from the situations. The title remained obscure to me, and the music often conflicted with the visual images. But the moments of violence were well managed and the work was interesting.

In a revival of Donald McKayle's *Rainbow Round My Shoulder* Shelly

Almost Ailey

DANCE
Dora Sowden

Sheer's interpretation of her various roles has matured. And the work remains a gem in any repertoire.

TWO OF THE artists who came for the Israel Festival have made themselves the talk of the town, for different reasons.

Fugio Ishimaru, the third Japanese phenomenon of the Festival, is a mime with obvious talents and a great capacity to make contact with an audience. His use of theatre media was miscellaneous - as was also his way of mixing what is traditional with what is trendy: a mixture of Shintoism with circus, so to speak.

His preparation was solemn: a figure like a Shinto priest removed a burning candle from the stage, perhaps hinting that he would discard much of the old. And so he did.

Pinning his mime on to a not very coherent story about a Japanese girl, her feet on stilted platforms, her arms in long unwieldy kimono sleeves, her body wrapped in the broad *obi* sashes, he went on to mime pregnancy (with a cushioned robe) and birth (with a plastic cord in the mouth). He then changed dramatically to male ferocity and then to wild, disturbing demonstrations about evil spirits. This he achieved with many masks (also a Japanese tradition).

The performance was indeed a jumble of social comment and parody, but seeing that the Japanese love to laugh just as much as any other people, there was also plain, straight fun.

A pity he ended his diversions with a suicide. But he is a fine mime, this Fugio Ishimaru, in his ragbag of a show.

Coming all the way from Canada,

Marie Chouinard used many stage props in her first programme and none at all in her second. Here was a display of narcissism quite absent from the Japanese mime.

I have already described some of her "business." Here I want to add that what she provided was a form of the "Me" syndrome that was starting in the Seventies but is now rather boring. There was little in her shows to stress any special ability that might have redeemed them.

THE KIBITZ Dance Company has just returned from a highly successful visit to London where three performances at "The Place" (centre of the London Contemporary Dance Theatre) drew major critics and full houses. Fernan Hall of *The Daily Telegraph* said that the company had "remarkable qualities... toughness, individuality, warmth and mutual understanding." Rami Be'er's *Death Comes to Rocking Horse, Michael* was for him "the outstanding new work" and Zichri Dagan danced in it "with splendid assurance."

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Cinematheque
SELECTED FILMS FROM THE JERUSALEM FILM FESTIVAL '84
Friday, June 8: 2 pm: *Rue Cases Negres*; small hall 9 am-2.30 pm: *Orestes*; 2.30 pm: *Secrets*
Sat., June 9: 8 pm: *Koyaniscat*; 10 pm: *Can She Bake a Cherry Pie?*; small hall 8 pm: *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*
Sun., June 10: 4 pm: *Autumn Afternoon*; 6 pm: *Colpire al Cuore*; 8 pm: *Paradise Place*; 10 pm: *Guy de Maupassant*
Mon., June 11: 10 am-3 pm: *Memory of Justice*; 4 pm: *Seeing Red*; 6 pm: *Panzerka*; 8 & 10 pm: *La Traviata*; small hall 5 pm: *Brooklyn Bridge*; 5.30 pm: *The Story of Chaim Rumkowski and the Jews of Lod*; 7 pm: *Red Monarch*; 9 pm: *Drifters*
Tues., June 12: 3.30 pm: *The King at the Mockingbird*; 5 pm: *Sweet touch*; 8 pm: *On a Clear Day You can See Damascus*; 10 pm: *Dans la Vie Blanche*
Wed., June 13: 4 pm: *Wien Retour*; 6 pm: *Closed Circuit*; 8 pm: *Children the Steps*; 10 pm: *Qu'est-ce qu'Attend Pour Etre Heureux?*; 11 pm: *Red Monarch*; 9 pm: *Le Nickelodeon*
Thurs., June 14: 4 pm: *Animation*; 6 pm: *Bozetto & Guido*; 8 pm: *Broken Blossoms A Portrait of a Girl*; 10 pm: *The Night of the Living Dead*; 12 pm: *Les Jambes de la Femme*; 2 pm: *Recite d'Elle Island*; 7 pm: *Field*; 9 pm: *Field*
Friday, June 15: 2 pm: *Interdit aux Moins de 13 Ans*
Sat., June 16: 8 pm: *La Mort de Mario Ricci*; 10 pm: *La Colmena*; small hall 8.30 & 10.30 pm: *Jo, Chiara e lo Scuro*. End of Festival.
Screenings at the Cinematheque, Hebron Road; Tel. (02) 712192.

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Pampered peppers

I CAN GO for months on end without even thinking of a tortilla or a taco, and then, only a few weeks after visiting the country's only kosher Mexican restaurant, I find myself clicking my teeth in time to the Mariachi music at the Mexican Festival which opened last week at the Jerusalem Hilton.

Sponsored in coordination with El Al and Aeromexico, the festival marks a high spot in such events, with an extraordinary amount of effort and money being expended in bringing the culture of this Latin American people to us.

In addition to the kilos and kilos of hot peppers and special spices, the organizers also brought an incredible display of folklore, not to speak of a top entertainment group.

The cuisine offered is of course pure south of the Rio Grande cooking, in contrast to the restaurant mentioned above which derives its menu from the Tex-Mex tradition.

Presiding over the kitchen for the festival is chef Alicia Gironella De Angeli, founder of Mexico's Instituto de Cultura Gastronomica and living proof that women can be excellent professional chefs.

As for the meal itself, it opened with avocado, filled with ceviche. The avocado is, of course, known to all of us, but some of us may not be aware that it is thanks to Central America that we can enjoy this sublime fruit. Ceviche is a dish in which raw fish is marinated in lemon juice which, in effect, cooks it without heat.

For those who are a bit squeamish, eating such a dish is a matter of faith.

MATTERS OF TASTE Haim Shapiro

but the spiritual effort in this case was worth it.

It was followed by a soup which for many was the high point of the meal. Peppery hot, without being unpleasantly so, it provided ample evidence that there is more to highly seasoned food than just throwing a lot of pepper into the pot.

I was a bit less impressed with the tamales, a mixture of cornmeal and pumpkin squash, steamed in grape leaves, an item which, I suspect, had been inserted into the menu in order to make it a bit more identifiably Mexican. In fact, like the orange sorbet which followed, it merely seemed to draw the meal out unnecessarily.

ON THE OTHER hand, the duck, which according to the menu had been baked in avocado leaves, was a tour de force. Served with grapes and a white mole in which coconut seemed to be the major ingredient, it was delectable. Nor could I find fault with the beans and rice served alongside.

A salad of marinated cooked vegetables seemed innocuous enough until I popped the little green pepper that adorned it into my mouth. With tears in my eyes and a burning tongue, I hastily chewed a bit of tortilla to mitigate its effect.

The dessert of honeyed papaya on

a coconut cream was just right, not overly heavy or rich, and it left one feeling pleasantly satisfied. The coffee, heavily flavoured with cinnamon, was served in little Mexican ceramic cups.

The Mexican Festival is due to continue tomorrow night at the Jerusalem Hilton and then move to the Tel Aviv Hilton, where it will last another week. Meanwhile, for those who want to try some of the dishes at home, Chef De Angeli was good enough to provide a few recipes.

To make ceviche for six, cut half a kilo of filleted sea bass (or any other firm-fleshed sea fish) into cubes and marinate in the juice of six lemons for five hours. Mix the fish with two chopped tomatoes; three chopped fresh hot peppers (to make them a little less hot, carefully remove the seeds and white membrane); a quarter cup of olive oil and half a teaspoon of oregano. Add salt and pepper to taste and arrange the mixture in six avocado halves. Sprinkle with chopped fresh coriander (*cuzbara*) and garnish with sliced onion and olives.

For the tomato soup that so impressed me, fry three chopped red peppers with two tablespoons of chopped onion and two chopped cloves of garlic in two tablespoons of olive oil. After a few minutes, add five peeled and seeded tomatoes and four spinach leaves, cover and steam for 15 minutes.

Add four cups of chicken soup, a tablespoon of fresh coriander, a pinch of sugar and salt and pepper to taste. Cook another ten-minutes and serve hot, or purée and serve chilled.

This Week in Israel • The Leading Tourist Guide • This Week

at the israel museum jerusalem

EXHIBITIONS

The Well-Built Elephant - popular American architecture
How to Wrap Five Eggs - traditional Japanese wrapping
Joan Miro: Sculptures
Eighty Years of Sculpture in Israel
Marc Chagall: Book illustrations (courtesy of Boxenbaum-Neta Foundation)
A Window to Islam - Islamic culture, religion and court life
Jonathan Borofsky - environmental sculptures and paintings
Face and Body - photographs
12 pages from the Cairo Goniza
News in Antiquities - new finds from excavations
Tom Seidmann Freud - illustrations of children's books (Courtesy of Dubeck Ltd.)
Serafs - creating home (linen sets and greeting cards (Courtesy of Marianna and Walter Grossmann)
Permanent Collection of Judaica: Art and Archaeology
SPECIAL EXHIBITS
A Masterpiece of Greek Pottery - 6th century kylix
ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM:
Kadesh Barnea - a fortress from the Judaea Kingdom (closing June 12)
News in Antiquities - finds from Phoenician Tombs, 10-7th centuries BCE
How to Study the Past - (for children) Paley Centre next to Rockefeller Museum (closed Saturdays)
SET TIGHO: Works by Anna Ticho, Hanukka lamps collected by Dr. Ticho; library and Garden cafe

EVENTS

CHILDREN'S FILM
Sun., June 10; Mon., June 11; Wed., June 13; Thurs., June 14 at 16.30
LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY
Dir.: Jack Gold; with Ricky Schroder, Alec Guinness, Eric Porter
LECTURES
Tuesday, June 12 at 20.00
"COMICS" Michel Kishka, illustrator of children's books
Ruth Youth Wing Library
Tuesday, June 12 at 20.30
URBANIZATION IN THE EARLY BRONZE AGE with Prof. Ruth Amir
Guided Lecture in Archaeology Series
FILM
Tuesday, June 12 at 18.00 and 20.30
MISSING (USA 1981)
Dir.: Costa Gavras; with Jack Lemmon, Sissy Spacek.

ISRAEL FESTIVAL EVENTS
Friday, June 8 at 14.30
MONSIEUR NONSENSE
Mini Circus
Saturday, June 9 at 21.00 and Monday, June 11 at 18.00
ESPE - JIDDISCHE LIEDER (1)
Sunday, June 10 at 20.30 and Saturday, June 16 at 21.00
ESPE - JIDDISCHE LIEDER (2)

GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH
Museum: Sun., 11.00 & 15.00; Tues. 16.30; Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri. at 11.00
Archaeology Galleries: Monday at 15.00
Shrine of the Book: Tuesday at 16.00
Rockefeller Museum (opposite Damascus Gate): Friday at 11.00

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Summer Courses for Children - Registration is now open for intensive morning art courses during July: including ceramics, weaving, movement, nature, photography, archaeology. For further details please call (02) 633278.

VISITING HOURS OF THE MUSEUM: Sun., Mon., Wed. and Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Tues. 16.00-22.00; Fri., Sat. 10.00-14.00
SHRINE OF THE BOOK: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Tues. 10.00 to 22.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00 to 14.00
BILLY ROSE SCULPTURE GARDEN: Sun., Thurs. 10.00 to sunset; Fri., Sat. & holidays 10.00 to 14.00
ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM: (opp. Damascus Gate) Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Fri. and Sat. 10.00-14.00
LIBRARY HOURS: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Tues. 16.00-20.00
SET TIGHO (off Harav Kook St.): Open Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-16.30; Tues. 10.00-22.00; Fri. 10.00-13.30; Garden cafe 10.00 to midnight.

TICKETS FOR SATURDAY available in advance at the Museum and at the ticket agencies: Tel Aviv - Rococo, Etzion, Le'an and Castel; Jerusalem - Kila'im
Museum is located on Ruppun Street, Tel. (02) 688211

ASTHE ISRAELI FESTIVAL Jerusalem 1984 nears its final week and the atmosphere of excitement and enthusiasm continues unabated, a mid-term report is called for.

A near-miracle seems to have happened: even before seeing any statistics, it can safely be stated that the overflow audiences at all the events surprised everyone - and this was just the music, without taking theatre, dance, workshops and street shows into account. One can only wonder, where all these large audiences sprang from.

I always thought I knew my music public in Jerusalem, but I have never seen so many new faces in the concert halls, and I go religiously to practically everything.

And it doesn't matter how many simultaneous performances there are. Take last Thursday, for example: The Teatro alla Scala at the Binyanei Ha'uma, the Israel Sinfonietta, Beersheba, in a marathon at the Jerusalem Theatre; the Brigham Young University Choir at the Dormition Abbey on Mt. Zion, and the Lutheran Church concert outside the festival framework - all were filled to capacity by eager audiences.

And the torrid pace has been going on for three weeks already. In fact, such is the clamour for seats that the management has been forced to schedule additional performances, outside Jerusalem too.

thus abandoning their intention to concentrate exclusively on the capital.

The whole country is benefiting from the overflow: Tel Aviv, Haifa, Carmiel, Ein Hashofet and the Shavut Festival at Kibbutz Shefa'im.

Not only has the festival spread out into practically every place of public assembly, both indoors and outdoors, the variety of artistic presentation has been tremendous.

Another positive aspect: the very active participation of the Dormition Abbey on Mt. Zion, which not only hosted quite a number of regular music programmes but also contributed daily afternoon organ recitals.

The ecumenical approach is also worthy of reflection: for example, a Mormon University choir from Utah singing a psalm in Hebrew written by an Israeli composer (Yehezkiel Braun) in a Catholic Abbey run by German Benedictine monks - on Mount Zion. Or, for that matter, a German non-Jewish group, the ESPE, contributing two programmes of Yiddish folk songs, which it has made its business to revive and promote in Central Europe.

APART FROM some minor uncoordinated changes in the start of some events (8.30 p.m. instead of the originally announced 8 p.m., for example), no serious organizational breakdowns seem to have occurred.

Attracting new audiences

MUSIC & MUSICIANS
Yohanan Boehm

This testifies to the efficiency of all the staff in charge of the complex event.

The cancellation by Martha Argerich was predicted by experienced sceptics, but the replacement, a solo recital by Ivo Pogorelich, will surely have compensated many people, as advance publicity about this new star has caused mounting curiosity.

The last week of the festival promises quite a few highlights to maintain interest and tension right up to the end (on June 16).

Although many different countries sent their representative - by accident or design? - cultural ambassadors, the festival began and will end with events dedicated to the

Spanish-Sephardi tradition.

The Voice of the Turtle opened the festival with three programmes of traditional Spanish-Jewish songs; it will close with Victoria de Los Angeles singing songs in Spanish and Ladino, and the Antologia de la Zarzuela, which will dominate the last week with excerpts from Zarzuelas, the Spanish equivalent of operetta or musical comedy.

ONE PROGRAMME of special interest will be Arthur Honegger's *Le Roi David*, characterized as a "dramatic psalm," sometimes as an oratorio.

Although he was born in Le Havre, France (in 1892), Honegger is a Swiss composer. He wrote this work in 1921, and it was staged; later it was mostly performed in concert form.

Honegger belonged to the Groupe de Six, together with Auric, Durey, Milhaud, Poulenc and Tailleferre; they had the blessing of Satie and Cocteau. Formed originally at the end of World War I, it aimed to produce music that would shock the "establishment" from Wagner to Schoenberg, but also Debussy, Strauss and Stravinsky.

But it did not last long, since the personalities of the members were so widely different. Soon each one went his own way.

Honegger, in particular, had no

patience with the satirical approach of the group's programme and slowly developed his own language. His style is a mixture; it bears a close affinity to traditional textures spiced with progressive statements, but his music is, on the whole, fairly easy to grasp at first hearing.

Le Roi David will be staged and televised by Israel Television, with Gary Bertini leading the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra and three choirs: the Berlin Concert Choir, the Jerusalem Rubin Academy Chamber Choir and the Western Galilee Choir. The soloists from abroad are: Teresa Cahill, soprano; Petra Malakova, alto, and Robin Leggate, tenor. The performance will take place at Binyanei Ha'uma on June 13.

On June 16, next Saturday night, the festival will end with another extraordinarily interesting programme: the Toelzer Knaben-Chor from Germany, with the Israel Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Gerhard Schmidt-Gaden, will present a programme consisting of Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*, Mozart's *Vesperae Solennes de Confessore* (K. 339) and his *Ave Verum* (K. 618), and the Mass in C major by Schubert.

This is a beautiful programme to end the four hectic weeks of a splendidly balanced and contrasted festival in Jerusalem.

DEALS with very wild distribution defy all systems, both in bidding and play. They can only be handled in the dimension of the fantastic. The following deals are from championship games in the U.S.

Deal 1
Vul: N-S

West	North	East	South
♠ K 4	♠ 5	♠ Q 9 7 5 4	♠ 9 8 7 6 4 3
♥ A K J 10 9 7 6	♥ Q 4	♥ Q 9 8 3 2	♥ 8 5 3 2
♦ K J 8 2	♦ —	♦ 6	♦ A 10 2
♣ —	♣ A J 10 7 4	♣ Q 4	♣ 10 3
	♣ K Q J 5		

The bidding:
West North East South
4♥ 4NT 5♥ 6♠
Pass Pass Db1 All Pass

IN A team-of-four contest, West opened with four hearts. It was now North's turn to bid, and he made a "fantasy call" of four no-trump.

Would his partner understand it as "the unusual no-trump, for minor-suit takeout? Before South had a chance to respond, East got into the fracas, raising to five hearts.

But South was made of sterner stuff, jumping in by bidding six clubs. Perhaps he was following the

maxim that, on wild deals, "it usually pays to bid one more." But that was certainly his only excuse, even before East doubled.

THE opening lead was a top heart, ruffed in dummy. Declarer entered his hand with a high club as East ducked. South finessed the diamond queen successfully. He did not have the vision to make a deep finesse of the ten. Had he done so this could have made the contract.

At the replay East-West bid and made five hearts doubled.

Deal 2
Vul: E-W

West	North	East	South
♠ A 5 3	♠ Q J 9 8 7	♠ K 10 6	♠ A K Q J 10 8 7 6 4
♥ 9 5 3 2	♥ Q 7 5 2	♥ A K 10	♥ —
♦ 9 8 6 3	♦ Q 9 7 2	♦ A K Q J 10 8 7 6 4	♦ —
♣ 6 5	♣ —	♣ 8	♣ —
	♣ A 4 2		
	♣ K J 10 4		
	♣ A K J 10 4 3		

The bidding:
EastW North West South
1♥ 2NT 2NT 3♥
Pass 6♦ Db1 All Pass

THIS DEAL also comes from a

Fantasy land

BRIDGE
George Levinrew

team-of-four match. It also features an unusual no-trump bid; but with a different result.

East, in no hurry to show his stuff, opened with a simple one heart bid. With his unusual distribution he was sure he would have the opportunity to bid again. He had the opportunity only at the five level.

East must have thought "what is going on around here?" He had a losing club and at least one losing spade. He decided to push a bit, hence his bid of five hearts.

South would not let the matter rest so he bid the slam in diamonds. Of course East led a heart and was surprised by the unusual - a ruff and discard on the first trick! A spade was discarded from the north hand and declarer lost only one spade trick. Had a spade been led, the slam would have been set.

The bidding at the replay:

five level! His seemingly foolhardy bid paid off.

The four-club bid was Namytas, a convention showing a good four hearts opener. What a fancy bid!

South also made the unusual no-trump bid at the four level. He had no question about his partner's misunderstanding, since the Namytas was a give-away, providing information to the opponents.

West could do no less than assist his partner, hence his bid of five hearts. North's five no trump was clearly an asking bid, asking for his partner's best suit. East could not miss the opportunity of bidding six hearts, since he knew he would bid this anyway when South bid a slam.

South saw no point in letting opponents play the slam in hearts. He dared to bid the grand slam in diamonds. This bid also followed the principle in a freak hand of bidding one more trick. The spade ace was led. On seeing the dummy a diamond was led for East to ruff. Then came the spade king giving the defenders 500 points.

THIS FANTASY occurred in a pairs game. Remember Lindbergh's solo flight over the Atlantic. South made a solo flight, bidding with a silent partner.

How successful he was! He decided to show his suit only at the

Deal 3
Vul: Both

West (D)	North	East	South
♠ K 10 9 8 5 3 2	♠ J 7	♠ 6 4	♠ A Q
♥ K	♥ Q 2	♥ J 10 9 7 5	♥ A 8 6 4 3
♦ K Q 8 4 3	♦ 10 9 7 6	♦ A 5 2	♦ J
♣ —	♣ J 7 6 5 4	♣ K 9 3	♣ A Q 10 8 2

The bidding:
West North East South
1♠ 1NT 2NT 3♥
3♦ 3♥ 3♥ 4♠
Pass Pass Db1 All Pass

The opening lead of the diamond king was overtaken by the ace, and East returned the spade six. Declarer won the spade ace, and he decided to prepare his hand for a cross-ruff. He played the heart ace and the king dropped. Deciding that the hand was a distributional monster and that West had no clubs, he led a heart to dummy's queen. He successfully finessed clubs and cross-ruffed the hand, making his contract. □

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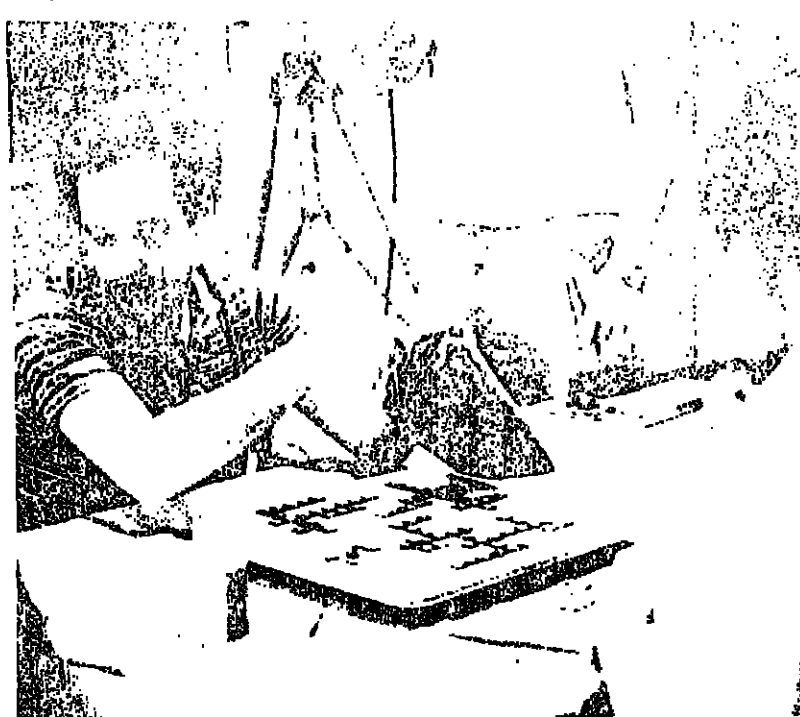
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The penultimate game

SCRABBLE

Sam Orbaum

The classic confrontation: Joel Wapnick's phenomenal word knowledge versus the analytical tactician Daniel Pratt. (Left) Wapnick checks the score while drawing new tiles. (Right) Pratt reviews the just-completed match in a traditional post-game rehearsal.



THE NORTH AMERICAN Championships, the world's most prestigious - and most grueling - Scrabble tournament. After two and a half years of progressive elimination rounds, the continent's 32 best gathered in Chicago last August to hammer away at each other for 17 games of killer Scrabble.

The 16th-round match between Joel Wapnick of Montreal and Daniel Pratt of Cambridge, Maryland, was described by one tournament official as "probably the finest display of expert strategy and word skills I have ever seen." That game is re-played here. Get out your own set and play along with Wapnick and Pratt. Examine each turn's rack, determine what your play would be, and then compare with the options Pratt and Wapnick chose.

After each turn, add the letters to your board as indicated. You will find the commentary of annotators John Ozag and Carl Dalke interesting. Keep in mind the enormous pressure on the two players, including the time factor: each was permitted 22½ minutes playing-time for the game, using a chess clock.

With thanks to the *Scrabble Players Newsletter*, from which the following game is reprinted.

The Penultimate Game
Daniel Pratt (441) vs Joel Wapnick (427)
RACK WORD NOTATION SCORE
 1w. ABDGINT TABID 81-1 20
John: TABID is the play. TANI may get 2 points more but uses one less tile and the BDG leave is unwieldy.
 1p. DEIMNOU DOMINIE K5-11 40
Carl: Clearly best. Uses six tiles for maximum score on the double-DWS.
 2w. GXBHGRD HOGG 6J-M +17 37
Carl: Maximum use of the consonants, while conserving the X and blank. I toyed with BOG at 6J-L. It may score 5 points less but it does keep GH, a high frequency usage.
 3p. B(O)X at J8 for 53 may be tempting but the rack leave BGOHR is awkward. Save the X for next time.
 2p. UAGIORS SAUTOIRE H5-12 +59 99
Carl: How can one improve on what for most players is a rather esoteric bingo. **John:** OUTRAISE scores the same but is more effective defensively, rendering the I7-9 axis less vulnerable.
 3w. BRXOCHL BOX 9G-I +40 77
John: Absolutely. Gives him a good shot at a 7-or-8 bagger. Compare this play with its weak alternative, B(O)X at J8. It would use a blank for just 13 points and leave a clumsy residue. BIRCH at I10 J may clean out the rack but it diminishes Wapnick's bingo-proneness and scores significantly less.
 3p. AEGOORT ROOTAGES 5A-H +68 167
John: Super draw. Super play.
 4w. OCHLRPE CHERT D1-5 +26 103
Carl: I prefer HUP at 7G-I. It leaves a vowel/consonant mix of CHERL, scores 5 points more and does not open the triple-triple line.
John: CHERT emptied his hand and balanced the TWS's. Much better is PARHELIC at E4-11.
 4p. AEIMNOV VENOM B2-6 +32 199
John: Very clever. He prevents Wapnick from using either triple-triple. VERMIN at A3-8 is a bit better defensively, but it does leave row one open.
Carl: While his QAI leave is excellent, I too prefer VERMIN. Without an open D on the board, the QA-leave would allow one more tile in the draw, which can help a lot when you are looking to get rid of the Q.
 5w. ULPASUU PUS(T)ULAR IIA-H +68 171

John: Word knowledge pays off. An example of the type of play that separates the premium competition from the others. Pratt's equally shrewd positioning of VERMIN prevented APICULUS at IA-11 for 149 points. Defence is equally important in a well-played game.
 5p. AIOLEH OUIH B10-11 +68 267

Carl: Timing can be a powerful ally. Pratt gets out from under the Q, nullifies Wapnick's bingo and keeps his lead.
 6w. TEH OIV CLOVE ID-11 +30 201

John: Scores well, utilizes the triple and harmonizes his rack.
 6p. ACIALYZ HAY 2D-F +32 299

John: LAZY at 2H-L would have scored 38, closed the board and cleaned up his hand.
Carl: How about RACY at A5-8, scoring one less point but blocking the triple. The best play, however, is PLAYA at A1-15, scoring 43 and using the other TWS. It would also cut down his rack to CIZ.

7w. EFFNPT REFI A5-9 +28 229

John: Good. He is building for a bonus play or two.
Carl: There were two good alternatives: TUP at 7G-I and REFI at A5-8. TUP may score 5 points less but it does leave a nice vowel/consonant mix (EFINT). REFI also scores less but it keeps a vowel to mix with PNT.
 7p. ACILZRW WAL(T)Z D8-12 +40 339

John: A very cooperative board.
Carl: And a very smart play.
 8w. NPTALNT PANT J10-13 +24 253

John: Opens the board which is mandatory right now.
Carl: For the same score I'll take TUP at 7G, leaving ALNNT.

8p. CIRADEJ RAJ 2H-J +28 367

John: Tightens the top right quadrant.
Carl: Board control can be important. If he had used RAJ at I1-3 to get one more point, he risked Wapnick's then using the J to greater advantage. The best move, coupled with defensive play, is JAG at L4-6 for 25.
 9w. TLNNOG NOT 3I-K +16 269

John: He is preparing to bingo.
Carl: I prefer NUT at 7G-I for the same points.
 9p. CIDEELI WAL(T)ZED D8-14 +19 386

John: Minimizes a big play on rows 14 or 15. LIED (G11-14) is also good defensively.
Carl: Leaves a badly polluted rack. I see the choice as either exchanging 5 to 7 tiles or playing ICED at L1-4 for 20 points and keeping EII to draw to.

10w. QLNSEKY YELKS 14J-N +58 327

John: YELKS grabs a big handful of points and sets up column N. This play aroused a lot of compliments in the closed-circuit TV viewing room. However, putting SKY-L(I)NE or (A)LYKNES on line 14 for 110 points would have been very strong and given him a good chance to win.
Carl: I agree. I experimented with a dozen end games, using random draws after SKYLINE and three-fourths of them went to Wapnick. Nevertheless, YELKS is an excellent play.

10p. CEIEIO COKE M12-15 +30 406

John: Pratt is playing cat-and-mouse.
Carl: Effective. I prefer COLI at L12-15 for 14. It may score less, but with only six tiles left in the bag, the rack-leave EELL is slightly preferable to draw to. Pratt has to be careful here. He is facing a formidable

opponent who already has been able to get a bingo out of a pimple.

11w. SNORUW UNISJORN N4-10 +70 367

Carl: An ingenious find that almost pulled out the game.
 11p. FILADI I1 07-8 +35 411

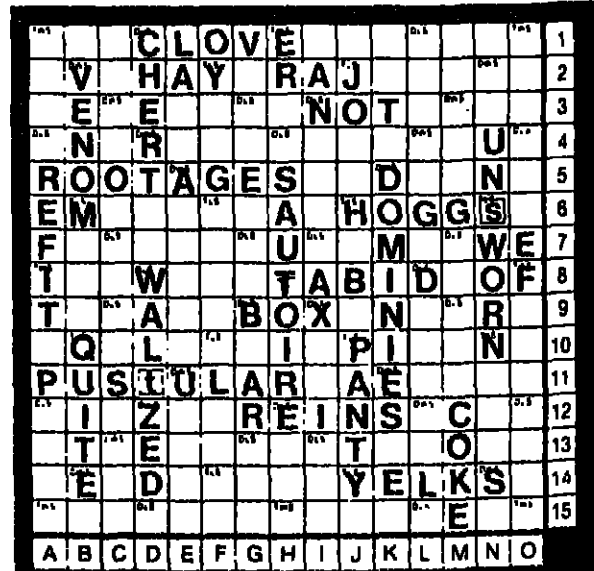
Carl: Good, but not the best. DEAF at O8-11 would score 37 and leave only the three one-point tiles (an extra 8-point swine with his opponent going out on the next turn).

John: Take the points, whether 35 or 37. He knows that Joel is 44 points behind with only IRS at his command.
 12w. IRS ELINS 12G-K +18 415

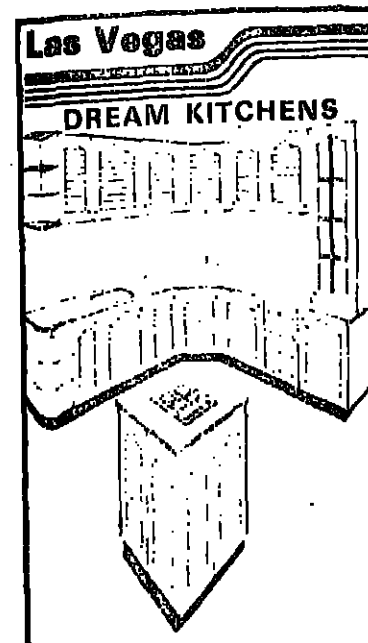
20(HAD) +12

Pratt wins!

However, in the 17th and deciding round, Pratt was beaten by Stephen Fisher while Wapnick clinched the title by defeating defending champion Joe Tuley, 369-342.

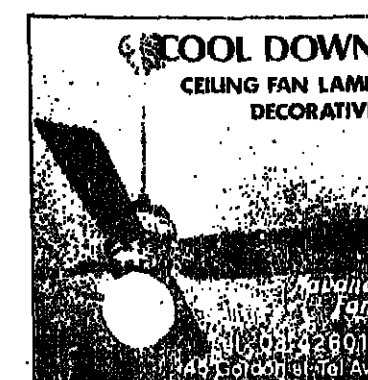


Wapnick	Pratt
Word	Play
TABID	8H-L 20
2-12	1 DOMINIE K5-11 40
2-12	2 SAUTOIRE H5-12 39
EXX	3 ROOTAGES 5A-H 16
CHERT	4 VENOM B2-6 18
PUS(T)ULAR	5 QUITE B10-14 29
CLOVE	6 HAY 2D-F 32
REFIT	7 WALTZ D8-12 36
PS47	8 RAJ 2H-J 37
NOT	9 WAL(T)ZED D8-14 38
YELKS	10 COKE M12-15 30
UNISJORN	11 EF 07-8 35
REINS	12 IRS 12G-K 18
2-11(IAD)	



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 Old Yishuv Courtyard Museum: The life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century-World War II, n. Kich Or (Jahama, Jewish Quarter Old City, Sun., Thur., 9 a.m.-4 p.m.).
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 * Sylvia Mandelbaum, Founder of Mitzvah to discuss: The Non-Husband, and how the Halacha Deals With the Concept; Rabbi Moshe Antelman will lecture on: Freeing Spouses From the Prison of a Dead Marriage.
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NAHUM GUTMAN
 Gutman the artist grew with Tel Aviv; his stories and some of his pictures form a kind of history of the city, but are not confined to Tel Aviv. Many of his paintings depict Jaffa, its bustling and sensuous life, its orange groves and people, while other paintings portray Tiberias and Safed, landscapes of the Galilee, and seascapes. Gutman's paintings as well as his stories are memories of another Israel, belonging to the past. The exhibition includes about 130 works, as well as illustrations and a selection from over one hundred books illustrated by the artist. The pictures were selected from the collection of the artist's family, and from private and museum collections. Many of the works will be exhibited for the first time. The exhibition is sponsored by the Tel Aviv Foundation for Literature and Art.

WHITE CITY — International Style Architecture in Israel
 The exhibition documents and explains an era of great importance in Israeli architecture, one which was also part of a world-wide trend. It illustrates the local and regional components which were incorporated into buildings of the International Style, a style which served as a point of departure for modern architecture in Israel and whose implications are still discernable to this day. The exhibition is comprised of two parts: the first one, A Portrait of an Era, includes photographs and building plans accompanied by explanations. Two models built especially for the exhibition demonstrate the special qualities of this period's architecture. The second part of the exhibition includes photographs of houses and of architectural details. These were taken by Judith Turner, a photographer from New York who specializes in artistic architectural photography. The exhibition is sponsored by the George Wasserman Foundation, Washington, D.C., and Mordechai Kiyat Foundation.

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A PEAR AND AN APPLE — AN EXHIBITION ON STILL-LIFE

Masterpieces of everyday life

Meir Ronnen

ONE OF THE most heart-warming exhibitions ever seen at the Israel Museum is now on view at its Paley-Park Design Pavilion. "How to Wrap Five Eggs" is a show of traditional Japanese wrapping and packaging, from peasant practicalities to department store gift boxes. It is a triumph of the spirit and an affirmation that even the simplest things in life can be a little celebration, to be revered with joy and respect.

Born in a tradition that abhorred — and could not afford — to waste anything, Japanese packaging, however modest, was designed to be too elegantly crafted, too beautiful, to be thrown away (a contrast to the enormous amount of paper and plastic that fills our modern trashcans). Traditional Japanese packing, as Prof. Hideyuki Oka writes in his foreword to his travelling collection, serves to remind us of the kind of spiritual satisfaction that, when all is said and done, cannot be obtained through material affluence alone.

One important aspect of the show is that the beauty and craftsmanship of the exhibits have little to do with their cost. They are made of the simplest materials, from rice straw, dried leaves and bamboo, to simply cut woods, popular ceramics and printed cloth. The natural qualities of each material are paramount, giving them a look of extraordinary freshness. The combination of splendid and inventive design and fresh simplicity makes a profound impact on the viewer and produces a feeling of appreciation and delight.

The Japanese have a unique sense of both sanctity and dignity; and with them cleanliness is next to godliness. The act of wrapping isolates the clean from the unclean. It also adds art and style to the simplest gift. Wrapping a single sweet by hand may not be cost-efficient, but in Japan it is evidence of the extent of care and caring, of a desire to please and to heighten the taste of the confection. Wrapping was not just practical; it often came to be more important than the gift itself. Of course not everything in this show is a gift-wrapping. The traditional "packaging" from the countryside (and each prefecture has its own specialties and predilections) leans heavily on the use of plant but hardy straw, ideal for carrying delicate objects, from eggs to dried fish; or for protecting casks and flasks of rice wine, in a union of product and by-product.

But of course nothing is static in Japan either, nor was it ever. Straw leggings to keep the mud off the clothing of rice planters have now been turned into fancy letterboxes; a traditional plaited basket in which to carry home roast fish derives from the traditional design of a rice planter's protective hat. The two ways of carrying and storing five eggs (*tamago-tsubo*) are masterpieces of folk culture, derived from a long history of farm experience. They are beautifully shaped. One can't put it better than Prof. Oka: "The removal of all superfluity results in a certain heroic sense of integrity." Our supermarket egg boxes may be more practical but one can't imagine hanging them in the kitchen.

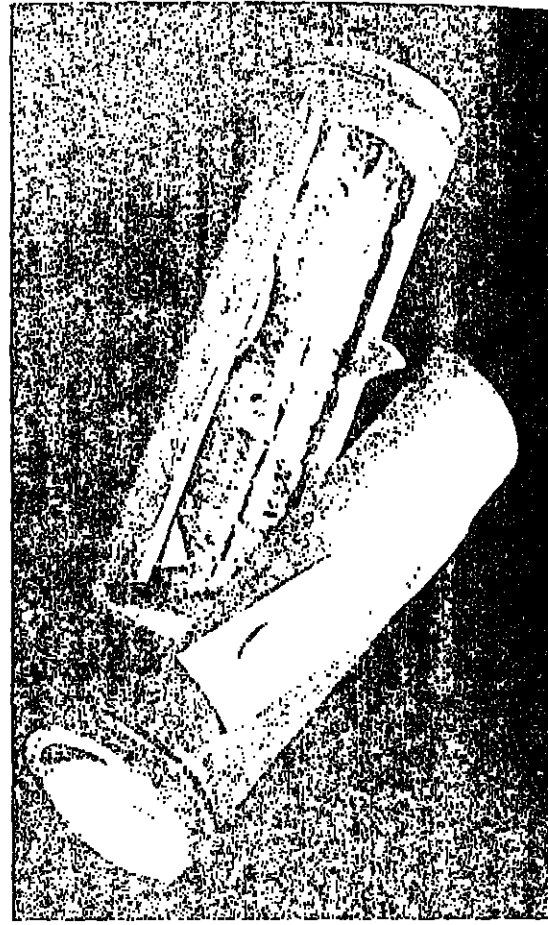
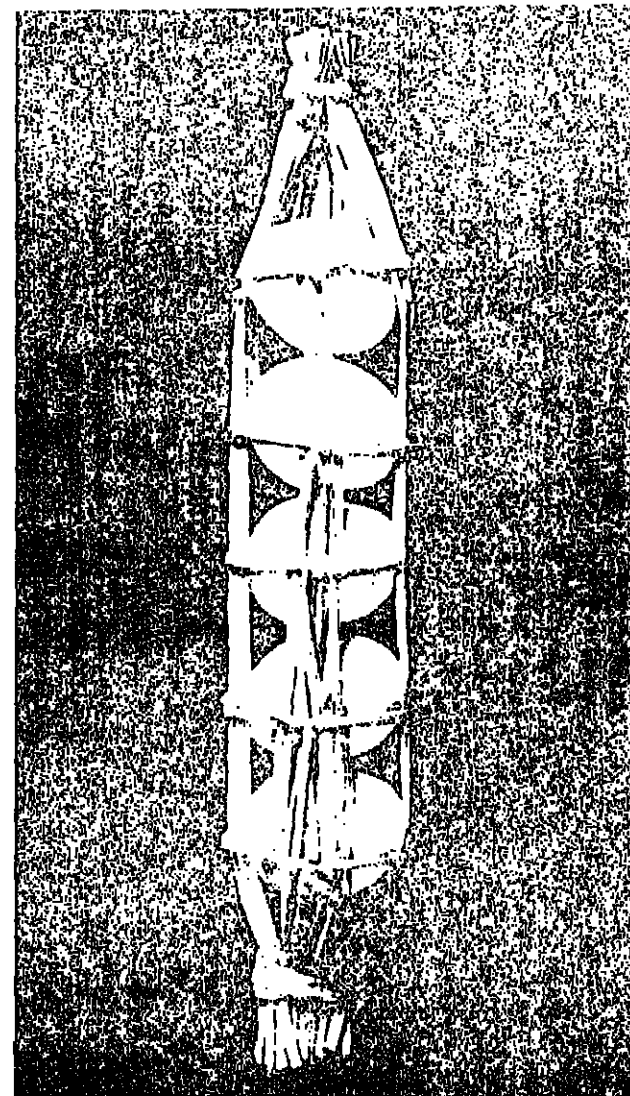
Not everything in this show is heroic, nor does it pretend to be. Many of the little department store gifts and toys are cheap kitsch, and some debase the famous Ukiyo-e print, but all retain a special delicacy and that special sense of care. Many wrappings and boxes rely heavily on the classical Kanji "alphabet" to form a design or pattern; sometimes these letters — really words — activate a whole space around them, as with the kimono wrappings; at other times they completely cover the box to form a pattern.

The Kanji character is perhaps, one of the keys to understanding why the Japanese as a people have such a talent for and appreciation of design. They have the highest literacy rate in the world, despite the fact that they must know how to read and write anything between 3,000 and 12,000 characters. Each character is a design made up of directive strokes and "negative" spaces. You have to be a designer to write both Kanji and its "grass writing" offshoot; and you have to be an artist to produce really superior calligraphy.

Further, the Japanese sense of aesthetics and feeling for the spirituality and beauty inherent in certain natural objects, in nature itself, like a bill or a rock, is part of the basis of Shinto, which is as much an appreciation of spiritual refinement as it is religious belief.

This isn't the sort of design taught in art schools. The treatment of the different materials is the province of different types of craftsmen, who passed their skills to their children or to apprentices. It is no accident that the Japanese have been able to bring the same qualities of care, diligence and sense of design to their now world famous systems of mass production.

Sadly, some of the items in Prof. Oka's collection are no longer to be found in Japan. But most are still



Left: a classic example of tamagotsubo, the Japanese egg holder, made from rice straw. Above: a foodstuff container cut from a single piece of fresh bamboo. Both exhibits are from "How to Wrap Five Eggs."

extant and, in a country so conscious of its traditions, not likely to disappear so quickly. They stand for humanism in an era of silicon micro-chips. Japan offers a lead in both. This exhibition should help us understand why. (Incidentally, it is accompanied by a beautifully illustrated catalogue, courtesy of the Japan Foundation.)

This is not a tradition that can be imitated; and Israel is not likely to become a nation of calligraphers and designers in the mass. But there is something very important to be learned from this show. At the festive opening of the Japanese Ambassador, H.E. Shozo Kadota remarked that his people believe that even the most everyday mundane object can be made a joy — with a little care. If

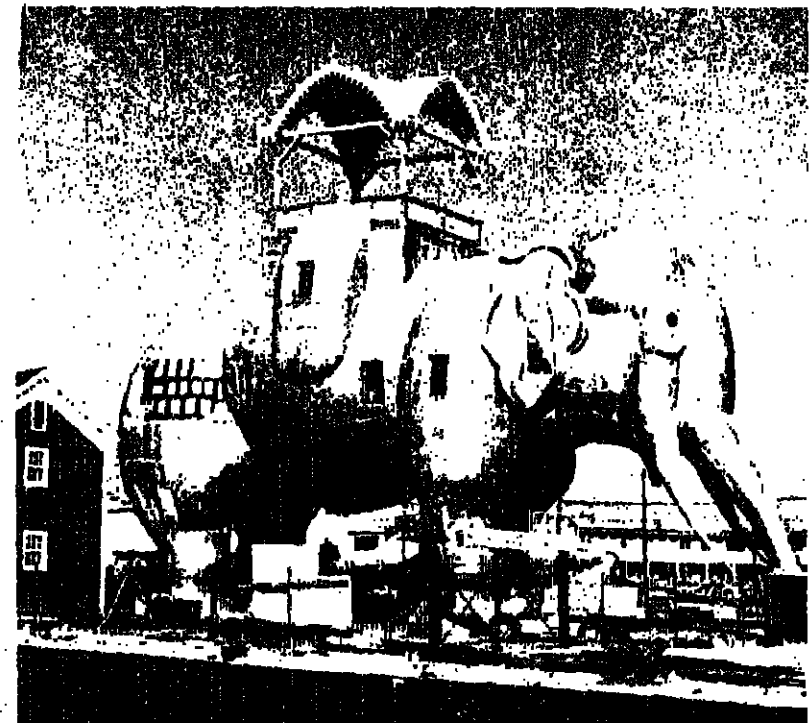
we as a people can bring that sense of care and caring into our everyday lives, in our relations with each other and in the things we make and pass to each other, we will soon improve the quality of life here. When we learn to respect and honour others, our Arab neighbours included, we will bring honour and respect to ourselves.

ALSO AT the Paley-Park Design Pavilion is "A Tribute to American Eccentricity," a show of colour photographs by James Andrews, of buildings made to look like animals, birds, and even food or articles of clothing. Andrews is himself an architect-designer.

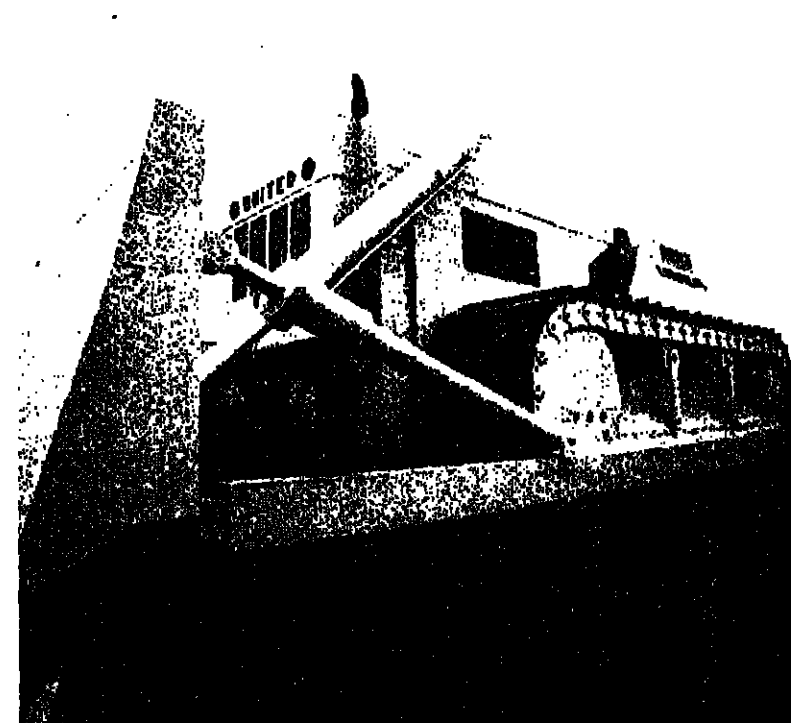
The earliest gimmick structure,

Lucy the Elephant, built in 1881, was followed by a long line of homes, businesses and fast-food outlets that were made to look like everything from ducks and dinosaurs to doughnuts. The photographs do these structures more than justice; in real life, most of them look pretty tacky, some even pathetic.

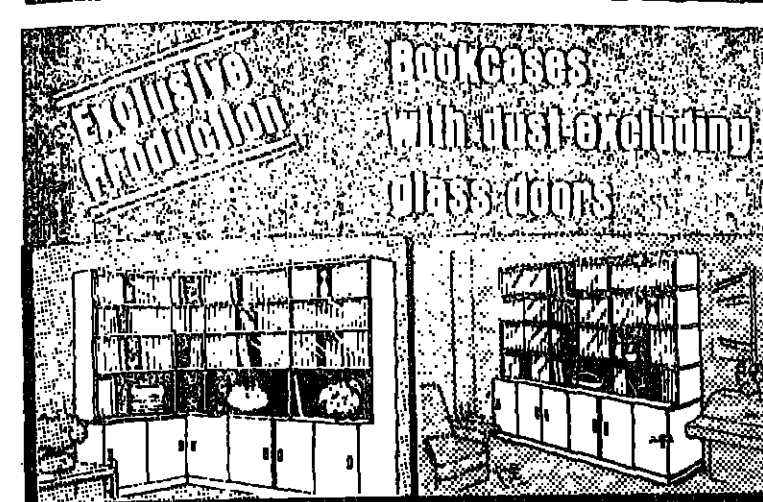
Other Jerusalem shows not yet reviewed: Aharon Renier — sculpture by former (Studio Ipanema, 11 Lincoln, Tel Aviv) Till June 14. Batha Goshard — recent paintings: Axi-encusatics on wood painted in a "state of altered consciousness" by parapsychologist recently arrived from Leningrad; Israeli sculpture (Debel Gallery, Ein Karem). Till June 21.



Lucy the Elephant, built at Margate, New Jersey in 1881 by J. Mason Kirby, to a design by William Free of Pennsylvania. James B. Lafferty, a Philadelphia entrepreneur, conceived Lucy as a kind of observation point from which potential property owners could view the then-sandy wasteland. The belly of the elephant housed an office and restaurant. From the howdah on its back, people viewed the beach and sea. Lafferty built a similar "elephantine colossus" on Coney Island as a 37-room hotel, but it later burned down.



Bulldozer office, built at Turlock, California, by Harold W. Logson. The owner of the United Equipment Company, which manufactures and sells farm and construction equipment, conceived the bulldozer on a trip to Japan, where he saw an aluminum bulldozer adorning the roof of a factory. He built a two-storey office building in the shape of a bulldozer for his business premises. Not shown here is a pile of rocks three feet high, which the bulldozer appears to be moving. (From "A Tribute to American Eccentricity," Israel Museum).



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Yesterday's White City

Gil Goldfine

THERE HAS been a great deal of self-criticism among us of late, much of it to do with the social concepts of lost ideals, altered values and the general erosion of "our way of life."

By scanning the past one can also contrast the dismal state of our physical environment with the architectural visions of early planners who began, half a century ago, to lay the foundations of a specific modern Mediterranean style. It is all too easy to equate the erosion of our physical surroundings with the erosion of social values and dreams of a utopian society.

The Tel Aviv Museum, marking the city's 75th birthday, has carefully mounted two major exhibits, both of which look back to a past that will never return. The preservation of that past is a credit to the Museum's planning committee; but any attempt to emulate or admire it for more than its material fibre is pure lunacy.

The Nahum Gutman retrospective is a lively highlight and should help reassess Gutman's place in Israeli art; it will be reviewed next week in this column.

The second offering, "White City," surveys the International Style of architecture in Israel, a design ideal born and nurtured in Europe in the mid-Twenties and which flourished in Tel Aviv and to a lesser degree in Jerusalem and Haifa — during the 1930's.

"White City" is a remarkable overview of private, public and institutional buildings created largely by commitment to a combined social and artistic ideal by its architects, planners and designers who had emigrated to Palestine as trained architects, and who in the face of economic adversity, were able to maintain a philosophy that tied structure to needs.

Looking back at the rational approach of these planners, one might equate the failure of our current environment with the drastic changes in our system of values. But then again, systems are generated by necessity and the erosion of an aesthetic architectural infrastructure after World War II was created by a new set of rules, rules governed by security, expediency, function and financial realities.

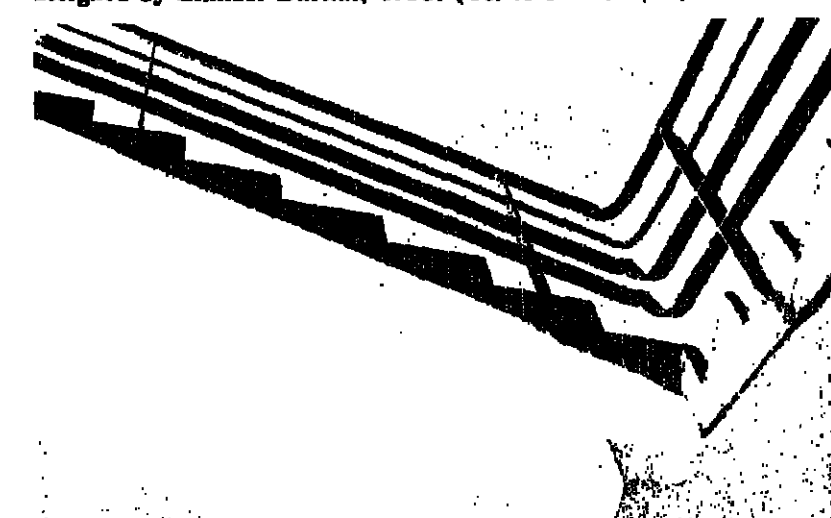
Nevertheless, Tel Aviv still contains an inordinate concentration of worthy buildings that men like Gropius, Mies van der Rohe, Le Corbusier and Theo van Doesburg, fathers of the "new" architecture back in the 1920s would have been happy to support. Unfortunately many of these architectural gems will eventually be lost, victims of neglect and the bulldozer.

"White City" is Dr. Michael Levin's academically oriented survey, with plans, drawings, photos and models which support a written thesis; while Judith Turner's black-and-white photographs record the structural harmony and defined details that characterized the International Style.

LOOKING for architectural answers to problems of local climate and geography, men like Ze'ev Rechter, Shmuel Barkai and Benjamin Tshlenov turned to the concepts being developed at the time by Corbusier and the Bauhaus and adapted them for Tel Aviv. The use of reinforced concrete, whitewashed



Classic example of the International Style in Tel Aviv: Katz House, designed by Shmuel Barkai, 1935. (Tel Aviv Museum).



Judith Turner: detail of International Style architecture.

walls, flat roofs, rational planning and of course those details that would permit ventilation and light their maximum power, were of paramount importance. The entire concept of *amudim*, houses on pillars, was developed as a result of the work done by these architects (Engel House, designed in 1933 by Rechter was Israel's first building to stand on pillars).

Levin takes the viewer through an excellently designed maze of panels describing the various sites, buildings, architects and their contributions. In addition to the seminal structures by Rechter, Barkai (Katz House, Lubin House) and Tshlenov, the style saw continuity well into the '50s and '60s in works by Sharon, Karmi, Yaski, Alexandroni and others.

Judith Turner, a photographer from New York, turns one art form into another; as her lens captures the essence of the International Style her critical eye transforms an array of details, from door knobs to balustrades, into constructivist design or minimalist abstract drawings in beautifully balanced scales of grey.

The Levin-Turner combination is symbiotic, adds dimension to the entire study and permits the viewer to capture the history of the period educationally and aesthetically.

"White City" is a notable piece of dual scholarship and art. However, one can find fault with its narrow historical perspective for both Levin and Turner have concentrated only on the singular International Style and have eliminated any form of comparison with the total environment of the time. One would have

liked to see or even take some note of, the association between the elitist or specialty dwelling and the lesser buildings that undoubtedly dotted the Tel Aviv skyline in 1940. Although this aspect of the subject was not within the objectives of the curator it seems essential, for museum and historical purposes, to know what forces came to bear upon a city that had its chance but has, in the main, relinquished high style to architectural mediocrity. This might be the subject of Levin's next study. (Tel Aviv Museum, King Saul Blvd.) Through August.

Smadar Ellasaf shows small paintings. (Sara Levi Gallery, 10 Pineles, Tel Aviv, daily from 6-8 p.m.) Till June 14.

Documentary photographs depicting the Japanese dance of Buto, combining the physical and spiritual into one form. Photos by Naumi Masson-Sekine. (White Gallery, 4 Habimah Sq. Tel Aviv). Till June 10.

Yehyahu Gabbai exhibits soft sculptures, reliefs and wall hangings from various kinds of cloth. (Herzliya Museum, Yad Lebanon, Herzliya). Till June 13.

Sculptures by Avi Setton. (Neomi Givon Contemporary Art, 4 Natan Hachacham, Tel Aviv). Till June 8.

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Write on

The Post's MARSHA POMERANTZ meets author Ronald Sukenick, for whom print and punctuation are as important as the words in his books.



"I DON'T LIKE to stay in balance," says Ronald Sukenick. Despite that, he seems steady in his chair in a flat he and his friend Julie Drey have been renting in Jerusalem.

Under his grey-haired, sunken complexion he is a handsome, outgoing man. He's one of the leading experimental writers of the American disestablishment; a Fulbright scholar this year, he's been conducting creative writing workshops at the Hebrew University.

Perhaps he's sitting idly, so that the tape-recorders can pick up his words. His tape and mine. He likes having his words recorded for possible use in writing. Later, he even says he would "rather talk to a tape than a person." But that's later.

Right now we're talking about his study of the poetry of Wallace Stevens - published in 1967 as *Moving the Oblique* - and his own fiction. He sees in Stevens's work a constant flux between two poles of "reality" and "imagination" - the latter being the poet's personal ordering of reality.

Sukenick attributes the "seesaw" quality in Stevens to the split between Stevens's life and work; he made his living as the vice-president of one of the largest insurance companies in the U.S. His own life, says Sukenick, is "continuous with being a writer." He teaches literature, particularly creative writing. He is the founder and publisher of a bi-monthly called the *American Book Review*, which was set up in opposition to and - "we can put it in a more friendly way" - in supplement to such establishment publications as *The New York Review of Books* and *The New York Times Book Review*.

He's a member of the Fiction Collective, a writer-controlled publishing company in New York, and was formerly the head of a "big grants agency" - the Coordinating Council for Literary Magazines - which also supported the publication of experimental writing.

He calls his organizational activities the "civic side" of writing, which is in itself "creatively anarchic." But certainly, given his penchant for flux, he doesn't believe that institutions should stay around too long. "Well, I think that mine should stay around," he says. They don't get entrenched "if you keep them in ferment, unbalanced."

ABR reviews mainly the books of small presses, which are usually ignored by established periodicals. It focuses on regional and ethnic writing - American Indian, black, Chinese. Talking about both publishing and reviewing, he says: "There's a whole American literature in the States that is the real American writing, that the establishment doesn't want to recognize for political reasons."

He himself has been reviewed by *The New York Times*, but not lately. In the past 10 years there's been "a gradual takeover of publishing by international corporations, and that has occasional effects of latent censorship on the grounds of political and economic self-interest." And the major publishing houses are the advertisers in the major literary reviews.

HOW DOES a writer keep moving but stay off see-saws? The question is perhaps best addressed to Sukenick's work. In *Out*, published by the Swallow Press in 1973, a character apparently close to the writer says he wants to write "a book like a cloud that changes as it goes."

That is in effect what Sukenick does. You might say that all books change as they go, but his also change visually. For instance, *Out* starts out looking like any respect-

able novel, full of print, then starts breaking up into nine-line patches of print with a few lines of space between them, then the patches of print grow smaller and the spaces grow larger, until the last page is populated by nothing but a large O, smack in the centre.

At the same time, the characters keep changing their names. In the middle of the book, a young man named Rex is tortured and made to write the story of his heart. He dies - in the presence of one Dr. Frank Stein - a character named Ronald Stein to life. Most of the character transformations involve less suffering, but then, most of them are not required to write the story of their heart.

The changes in print parallel the movement of the action from New York westward to the wide-open spaces, finally hitting the Pacific, a possible "way out." The chapters are numbered backwards, starting with 9, so that O on the last page is both zero and the first letter of *Out* and - who knows - maybe also the shape of fish lips poking up out of the waves.

As the print thins, the structure of sentences breaks down and the writing becomes even more associative than it is at the beginning.

The idea is to make "all aspects of the medium expressive," Sukenick says. "I just think it's stupid to have all that typeface in an inert block not doing anything. Poetry doesn't do it that way."

And what is the book about? Like most of his work, it's about the breakdown of forms. Specifically, *Out* reflects the atmosphere of underground movements in the U.S. in the late Sixties - a mingling of political and social protest in which you sometimes can't tell if these protean protagonists are terrorists on the run from the CIA or children playing hide-and-seek.

His most recently published book, and the one he thinks is his best to date, is *Long Talking Bad Condi-*

tions Blues - about life on an island where the much-discussed "new conditions" are total chaos. Buildings are torn down and "gaping holes" become part of the landscape; tourism is one of the main trades, but the post office dumps trucks full of tourist post cards into the sea. The dumping becomes a media event, and postcards depicting the dumping sell well.

What comes across is an amusing kind of vacuum-packed Americana, in which nothing is more important than anything else, everybody spends time analyzing that nothing, and, as one of the characters says, "the future is past." The book is devoid of punctuation, but the spacing, again, reflects the relationship between matter and anti-matter, stuff and silence.

SUKENICK, a native of Brooklyn, has named the streets of the island after members of the Dodgers team, and the currency on the island is the ball. Sometimes the author's word games are gimmicky but often a pun can lift us into another realm of associations and hit home. Home keeps moving.

In *Out*, one of the characters - or voices - says to another: "Of course but there are many disciplines. You practice a discipline of abstraction. I practice a discipline of inclusion. You practice a discipline of reduction. I of addition. You pursue essentials. I ride with the random. You cultivate separation. I union. You struggle toward stillness. I rest in movement."

It sounds like a sort of credo, if one can believe in anything these days. Sukenick confirms that it is a definition of the difference between modernism and post-modernism. *Out* today doesn't try to present "an over-all, total view." It's only a "partial view of things in which it participates. We're immersed in the medium that we're trying to describe." A view which is, he points out, "completely in line with modern

physics."

Joyce was a modernist, but his friend Beckett was post-modern: "He was not doing writing in which he was in control."

But isn't "lack of control" a lie? The writer can always erase, and he has the ultimate say over what goes into the final version. Yes, says Sukenick, "but you may decide that you leave your improvisations even if you don't know what they mean. Like Kerouac."

Post-modernism is disaffected with intellect. In *Out*, someone says: "Hi. Experience is a code to be broken by intelligence. I'm from the intelligence. Get your hands up."

Is intelligence the enemy? Not exactly, Sukenick believes, but it has to be put in its place: "I'm not against analysis, but I'm also for other things that aren't used in apprehending reality." A passive absorption of the sort practiced by an Indian named Empty Fox in *Out*. The negative capability of Keats.

INSUKENICK'S discipline of inclusion, his riding with the random, there is no shortage of excremental passages, violence and sex. One of his critics, he says, attacked him for "sexist pornography, wanting to get laid, masturbation fantasies, and tampering with the layout of the page." He adds: "I'm not sure which is the worst in his eyes."

What if the violence is simply repulsive? "One of the things the novel has always done and will do is present anything that has a strong effect - positive or negative." He prefers any effect to indifference. A critic attacked him for a sado-masochistic rape scene in *Out* he says, without noticing that a parallel incident occurred elsewhere in the book "by age of Aquarius standards" - i.e. "open and free" sex. The two incidents are intended as an ironic contrast. "I'm not saying that to excuse the atavistic impulses," he goes on. "I'm just saying that it's not artless, it's conscious. It may be repulsive but it's not exploitative."

Exploitation is something he sees most commonly in film, where violence is "lingered over, caressed and fondled." There are no fast rules for conveying violence effectively, he says. In any case, "it's not a question of morals, it's a question for critics." But it's exactly the kind of thing critics don't deal with, he adds, because they're too busy building theories.

So latter-day literary chit-chat focuses on repulsion and exploitation rather than beauty and truth. That's enough to give some people a case of the long-talking bad conditions blues. "Culture is a different kind of thing now," says Sukenick. It was once cultivation, "a European concept which used to hold in America." It was based on "long years of appreciation and study and getting used to things."

Now, he says, "that's bullshit to most Americans, except the cultivated ones - and the cultivated ones...you don't like them because they're so snobbish and class-oriented."

Sukenick sees Andy Warhol's work as an interesting critique of the cultural scene. "He was the first to say that what he was doing wasn't art," but it was accepted as art. "That means first of all that people don't care what art is anyway - they care about the publicity of art. Second, even if they care, they don't know. And third, nobody knows anymore. Maybe the thing that we call art is not even a legitimate concept anymore."

Don't we always think that defini-

tions are breaking down? Hasn't this happened before? "Dada could be an anti-art movement," he says, "but it was still art. Also because it was Europe." When you transfer anti-art movements to the States, they have a "different weight. There's no tradition."

Does a writer need a specific culture from which to write? Whatever the problems of rootlessness, Sukenick is not a believer in roots. "This roots business may be good for self-respect," he says, "but beyond that it can be vicious," leading to racialism, racist tribalism. "It becomes reactionary after a point. You can see it here in Israel."

AFTER AN HOUR and a half of talk, we have arrived at the local scene; a literary agent interested in translating Sukenick's work into Hebrew said Israel would be ready for it in another 10 years or so.

Does he have another 15 minutes to talk about why he came here? "As long as there's tape," he says.

He came to "both Israel and Jerusalem - which are two different things" to be in a place where the present and the past are distinctively Jewish. "It makes me realize a few things about my own behaviour," he says - as a Jew in the U.S. and elsewhere he practiced a certain restraint, a "genetic wariness."

"Israel for Jews is an absolutely necessary regression," he says. "It's necessary for morale and safety, practically speaking. But the price is maybe destruction."

Jewish culture was most advanced when it had no homeland, says Sukenick. "The mystique should not be returned to the land, but detachment from it."

National organization - not just Israel's - is becoming obsolete, he goes on. And so is traditional personality orientation. What we need now, he says, is not character in the Victorian sense, but people who are more "porous, fluid."

Which sounds like primordial ooze. Or California. Ronald Reagan, says Sukenick, is just the personality type he's describing: the actor-president. That type is "close to a psychopath," he adds and never gets around to proving the value of non-character - at least not in the remaining 15 minutes. But maybe he's talking about necessity: maybe virtue, under the new conditions, is as passive as the future.

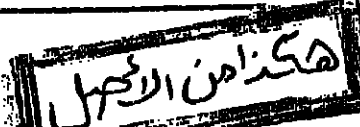
And what about the tape recorder, that infinitely attentive friend? It is a character in one of Sukenick's stories, called "Roust Beef: A Slice of Life." The story is a recording of dinner conversation, punctuated by tape instructions such as "fast forward" and "rewind." As he sees it, the tape becomes a presence in the conversation, not only reflecting what others say, but "increasing the level of consciousness."

And why would Sukenick rather talk to a tape recorder than to a person? "Dinner parties are boring, parties all over the world are getting worse and worse...I'm getting too old for seductions."

Certainly not all talk is in the context of parties and not all conversation leads to seduction? "I'm just saying the kinds of things that increase the drama of personal exchanges seem to have gotten flattened out. People are not as interested in intellectual exchange as they once were...I'm not putting people down, but that's the way it seems to be."

The thing about tape-recorders is: they don't eat much. The thing about Sukenick is: he forgot to turn his tape-recorder on.

Which seems like a little sunlight in a cloud that changes as it goes. □



GENTLE in appearance and soft-spoken, Andrei Sinyavsky is one of the most famous Russian dissidents. He preceded both Andrei Sakharov and Alexander Solzhenitsyn in challenging the Soviet regime. This Sinyavsky did by writing unorthodox literary essays and fantastic short stories and novels in the late Fifties and early Sixties and having them smuggled to the West, to be published under the pen-name Abram Tertz, a Jewish gangster of Russian folklore.

When the KGB finally found out who Tertz was, Sinyavsky was put on trial along with the Jewish writer Yuli Daniel, who had also published under a pen-name abroad.

The trial and conviction of the two in 1966 on charges of slandering the Soviet state and Russian people caused an uproar in the West and in the Soviet Union. Some experts credit the rise of the dissident movement and the beginnings of the samizdat (underground) publications to the shock of the Sinyavsky-Daniel trial, the protocol of which was secretly distributed.

The Zionist campaign for aliyah also got impetus from Sinyavsky's example and the protest in the West against his prosecution and imprisonment.

Sinyavsky spent five years in a labour camp. The letters he sent from there to his wife, Maria Rozanova, were later collected and published as *A Voice from the Chorus*.

In 1973 the Sinyavskys were allowed to emigrate to Paris. He teaches at the Sorbonne and writes, she edits the Russian literary magazine *Syntax*. Both are leading members of the liberal, democratic camp of the Russian émigrés.

Sinyavsky is now on his third visit to Israel. He has many friends here, including former fellow prisoners in Russia. While here this time he participated in a symposium at the Hebrew University on his mentor and friend, Boris Pasternak.

The conversation with Sinyavsky took place at Mishkenot Sha'ananim.

You've just said that your exposure as Tertz, your trial and your prison term finished you as a man of letters in Russia. You also said that literature is perhaps the most important thing in your life. Yet you stayed on in Russia for two years after you were released from the labour camp. Two questions: what does it mean that you were finished as a man of letters? And why didn't you emigrate immediately?

I'll answer the second question first. When I got out of the camp, in 1971, there was hardly anyone leaving Russia, except for a small number of Jews. If you weren't Jewish, you simply didn't think of being permitted out.

As for my future as a writer in Russia, I knew in the camp already that I didn't have one. Besides everything else, the newspapers during my trial had been full of "how could he..." and "that scoundrel..." I knew that even my non-political writings could never be published again in Russia.

I believed that the authorities would never even let me sit and write at home... they'd indirectly force me to work as a clerk or factory hand. In fact, when I was released, I couldn't get a literary job. But I wasn't forced to take another. They allowed me to go unemployed, which I could afford to do because my wife had a good job and supported me. So in those two years I put together *A Voice from the Chorus* and wrote books on Pushkin and Gogol.

But I didn't just need to write. I needed to be published. I sent *A*

Voice to the West, this time to be published under my own name. The authorities had a problem. Should they try me and send me back to a camp? They didn't want to do that, for it would have raised an even greater outcry than before. And I told them straight that I intended to keep writing and sending things out.

By this time, masses of Jews were leaving. I decided to apply too. The authorities hesitated, then agreed. Soon after they started letting out other non-Jewish writers, such as Vladimir Maximov, Vladimir Voinevich and Viktor Nekrasov.

You were something of a pioneer, then?

I was among the first Russian writers to leave. The Jewish writers weren't leaving or being allowed to leave as Russians or writers but as Jews.

Although in your generation you were one of the first to leave for the West, such a move is almost traditional for Russian writers and artists, going back more than a century. It can be a wrench, a great crisis. Did you prepare for it? And have you overcome it?

I felt no wrench. I have no nostalgia for Russia.

You're happy in the West?

I'm satisfied. Compared with many other émigrés, my situation is good. Even before I left, I was offered a teaching position. So I haven't had material difficulties. As for a spiritual crisis, when foreigners ask me whether I'm nostalgic for Russia, I often tell them that a Russian intellectual growing up in the Soviet Union feels great nostalgia for the West. This nostalgia is satisfied for me now. If I were told that I could go back to Russia on condition that I would have to stay there, I'd feel nostalgic in advance for France, Italy, Israel.

Are you saying that your Russian-ness is not essential, but only an attribute? Are you a cosmopolitan, attached to no specific place?

Being Russian is one of the basic circumstances of my life. I was already, when I emigrated, too old to assimilate to another culture. Nor would I want to. But if my culture is Russian, still I consider it part of a broader, European and Western, culture. I can't call myself a cosmopolitan because everything I do has a pronounced national character. Nevertheless, this doesn't cut me off from the West.

Russian culture is connected to that of the West. But hasn't the movement back and forth, the interplay, been restricted as compared with that between, say, England, France and Germany?

Yes. Even an extremely isolated writer such as Dostoevsky, however, declared that the ideal Russian intellectual must have the quality of "world consciousness" - meaning the ability to respond creatively to events and ideas outside Russia. True, the English, French and German cultures interact more easily. But in Russian culture you can clearly see English, French and German influences.

Can you see them in Soviet culture too?

Hardly. *Did Russian culture thus stop in 1917?* It didn't stop existing altogether. Writers within the Soviet Union continued the traditions of Russian culture. But they didn't fit into the Soviet framework, and problems arose.

Can someone born and raised in the Soviet Union, with no memory of the Revolution or pre-revolutionary times, continue today to contribute to Russian culture while remaining in Russia?



Immigrant abroad

Although he has lived in France for more than a decade, Andrei Sinyavsky 'can't say that it is my country.' The emigrant writer compares his situation with that of Soviet Jewish immigrants to Israel in a conversation with The Post's EDWARD GROSSMAN.

He can, but he has to go his own very individual and difficult way. Consider my own experience. I was born in 1925, in a very Soviet family. My father was an old revolutionary and I was raised on revolutionary ideals. If there was never any anti-Soviet talk at home, it wasn't out of fear.

At 15, I joined the Young Communist League. I was full of zeal for

world communism. But eventually the long, complicated process began of parting from these ideals. It wasn't simple and it didn't happen overnight.

You say eventually that process began. Do you think it's actually inevitable? Is the process bound to be undergone by any honest intellectual in the Soviet Union? In other words, is the Soviet project of educating out

such a response doomed to failure, and will there be such people as you in Russia in every generation?

I'm absolutely sure that there will be. The process will just take its individual form in each case. The precipitating causes are different, but every honest intellectual inevitably must discard the Soviet outlook.

You've said many times since arriving in the West that you don't think there'll be political changes in the Soviet Union in the direction of liberalization. Does this mean we can look forward to the process of intellectual disillusion repeating itself endlessly, and to countless generations of émigrés and exiles?

Yes - if they let them leave. But the process of alienation from the Soviet state is irreversible. I'm pessimistic about any liberalization in the near future, yet I'm optimistic about certain cultural developments taking place at the same time in Russia.

How can you be, when anyone who contributes to or partakes of these developments feels that he has to get out?

He won't necessarily feel that way. Some of these people stay by choice in Russia while contributing to culture inside and out. For instance, for my wife's magazine we receive material from Russia, some of it signed with real names, some with pen-names, from people who wouldn't leave the country but who depart from the Soviet framework by writing in their own way and by sending their manuscripts abroad to be published in Russia.

You said before that the process of intellectual alienation from the Soviet regime is inevitable. What about such a process of alienation in the West, among Western intellectuals - alienation from bourgeois, liberal, democratic regimes? Is this also inevitable? You probably know that here in Israel, too, most intellectuals have by now become alienated not only from the regime, but actually from the people. Is this necessarily a characteristic of all writers and intellectuals?

In a broad sense, yes. It's so all over the world. A writer is someone who swims against the stream of society. In the Soviet Union, of course, this takes on a more dramatic aspect, if for no other reason than that there you are liable to be persecuted or go to jail for expressing an idea. The Soviet state claims the whole person. So the process of liberation from it takes the form of intense conflict. Maybe that's what makes it so interesting.

Is it less interesting when it happens in democracies?

No, this can also be interesting. Take Lord Byron. I can't think offhand of any more recent examples, but I'm sure there are some.

These Westerners swimming in opposition to their own societies, whether in the 19th century or the present day - do you consider them fellow spirits who just happen not to have been born in Russia?

If we talk about the present day, I'm not so sure. Until recently, leftist ideologies were popular among Western intellectuals. I can understand this as an expression of conflict with society but I don't accept these ideologies.

If by chance you'd been born in the West, wouldn't you have become one of these alienated, left-leaning intellectuals in conflict with his society?

It's hard to say. Certainly I would have some conflicts. Even as it is, and although I'm satisfied in the West, my life isn't cloudless. I have plenty of conflicts - if not with Western society, then with my fellow émigrés. My relations with a majority of the Russian émigrés are diffi-

cult. It's a Russian tradition to translate ideological differences into civil war. Besides, in Paris we émigrés lead a rather isolated life conducive to conflict.

Do you ever envy those Russian Jews who came here to Israel and integrated successfully into their new surroundings, at least as compared with the Russians in Paris who sit in a tight bunch, living neither in Russia nor France?

Yes, I do envy these Jews. In spite of all the contradictions and conflicts and dramas of life here in Israel, they do, with some rare exceptions, feel that this is their land and country. By way of contrast, although I live in France and love it, although I've been a French citizen for some years, I can't say that it's my country. I continue psychologically to be an immigrant.

You're friendly towards Jews and Israel. Do some other Russian émigrés have a less friendly attitude?

Yes, of course, there are other outlooks, including the openly anti-Semitic. This is one of several reasons for my ideological conflicts with some émigrés.

A good many anti-Semitic Russians over the years have also been Orthodox believers. Does anti-Semitism follow necessarily from Russian Orthodoxy?

No, I'm Russian Orthodox myself and I'm not anti-Semitic. I think anti-Semitism is in contradiction to Christianity. And not only I think so - Vladimir Soloviev, a major Orthodox thinker, takes the same view. When I speak out against anti-Semitism, it's not because I'm sympathetic to the Jews, or because I pity them. In fact, I feel pity for Russians and for Russian culture, because anti-Semitism compromises both. The problem of anti-Semitism is not Jewish primarily but Russian.

Will the problem persist as long as there are Jews in Russia?

I don't know. At any rate, it's a very complex and deep-rooted problem.

When a Russian Jewish artist creates something, will there always be something identifiably Jewish in his work? What about Pasternak, who embraced Christianity?

This is a very individual matter. Different artists display different degrees of Jewishness. Pasternak's Jewish colouration wasn't strong. But even with him, now and then, you can see it, for instance in the way he treats the Jewish Question in *Dr. Zhivago*. I don't agree with him. He wrote that the problems of the Jews were a result of the Jews clinging to their religion and culture. He favoured assimilation.

Are you a Zionist? If not assimilation, then what?

Every individual should be allowed to decide for himself who he is and where he wants to go. I would never object to a Jew who believes in Zionism and wants to come here. What I have occasionally objected to, as you might say, is to Russian Jews who had no idea at all of Jewish culture.

I won't mention any names, but there are several respected Zionists now living in Israel with whom I used to argue back in Moscow. I'd say: "Read the Bible, at least for curiosity's sake. Learn something about your people's culture." And they would laugh and say, "Oh, that's nonsense." Later they became Zionists and came here.

You see, I wasn't pushing them towards Zionism, but simply in the direction of acknowledging Jewish culture. I'm not interested in solving political and social problems. I'm interested in problems of culture. And when a cultured man, a Jewish physicist, tells me that the Bible is

nonsense and one should think scientifically, I consider that a cultural problem.

If such a Jewish scientist became deeply interested in the Bible, would he want to keep living in Russia?

That would be for him to grapple with.

In conclusion, I'd like to ask you about the way in which various fi-

gures like you and Sakharov and Solzhenitsyn have been turned into heroes in the West. Is this useful?

I don't think it's necessary to make heroes of us. Every case is more complicated than it is made out to be. But it certainly helps that the West knows something about such people.

Does it help the people themselves,

or other, less well-known dissidents? Over the last 10 years or so, the West has learned much about the Soviet Union through the cases of famous dissidents. Before that, Western intellectuals tended to idealize the Soviet Union. Now such an attitude is comparatively rare.

Does the fame of Sinyavsky and Sakharov and Solzhenitsyn help only to educate the West, or does it also have an effect on the Soviet regime and its treatment of dissidents? The effect is that it prevents a regression to Stalinism. Western public opinion prevents this. It's useful, therefore, for people here in the West to continue to be watchful and active? No doubt about it.

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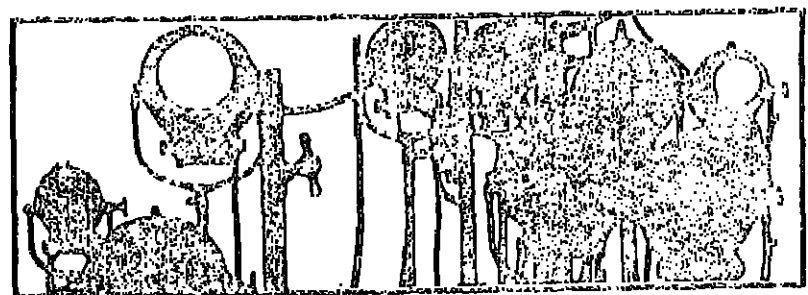
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POOR RICHARD. Pryor, that is. The millionaire movie star/comedian and former coke addict is the subject of Jeff Rovin's unauthorized biography. Jeff writes with the panache of a fast-food chain cheeseburger, and proves that even the (sometimes literally) explosive talent of Richard Pryor is no match for such a snoringly dull biographer. Rovin's writing aside, Pryor's life is something to read about.

Richard Pryor's parents were a pimp and a prostitute. His childhood was spent in a Peoria, Illinois brothel. By the time he hit his teens, Pryor was emotionally shattered, physically battered, and spiritually dead. He found salvation at a kind of the local community centre, where plays were staged by Juliette Whitaker. This "firm but elegant" woman gave Pryor desperately-needed direction and a point of focus he has not relinquished to this day. She put Richard Pryor on stage.

After a stint in the army, Pryor travelled to New York, and achieved initial success as a stand-up comic in Greenwich Village coffee houses. Infused with a volcanic rage, he has still not managed to tame, Pryor learned to channel his violent energy under a spotlight. Soon hailed in hip quarters as "the black Lenny Bruce," Pryor's humour was frenetic and wildly scatological. Demanding the attention of Hollywood, Pryor was beckoned by Mel Brooks to help write, as well as star in the irreverent, comedy-smash, *Blazing Saddles*. Pryor was removed from the starring role at the last minute, but his chance as an actor soon arrived when he was teamed with Gene Wilder to co-star in *Silver Streak*. The comedy made \$30m, and Richard Pryor famous. Pryor again teamed with Wilder to make the critically-savaged *Stir Crazy*, which earned over one \$100m, and confirmed Richard Pryor as a superstar. In between hits, Pryor managed to marry and divorce four times and set himself ablaze while allegedly freebasing cocaine in his Northridge, California home. He cavorted with death for almost two months. If you

Star dust



RICHARD PRYOR: Black And Blue by Jeff Rovin. New York, Bantam, 248 pp. \$3.50

McQUEEN by William F. Nolan. New York, Congdon & Weed, 230 pp. \$14.95.

RICHARD BURTON by Fergus Caslin. London, Star, 191 pp. £3.25. **DIRK BOGARDE: An Orderly Man** by Dirk Bogarde. London, Triad Granada, 352 pp. £3.25.

Richard Penniman

want the details, buy the book. I wouldn't.

STEVE McQUEEN was another hard case. His father disappeared when he was six months old. His mother was an emotional cripple, and provided McQueen with a succession of step-fathers who regularly beat him. He became what was known in the 'Forties as an "archetypal JD" (juvenile delinquent) and spent eighteen months in a California reform school. But this biography does justice to the former tough guy-turned movie star. William F. Nolan's book is a well-written, well-conceived and empathetic portrayal of a lifelong "loner" who became the highest-paid actor in Hollywood, and the number one box-office attraction in the world.

After a three-year hitch in the Marines, Steve McQueen headed for New York "where the real action was." He resumed his gypsy exist-

ence, drifting from job to job, quitting when the work bored him, living a life devoid of ambition or purpose. Then an actress-girlfriend suggested McQueen was handsome enough for show business, so with nothing to lose he arranged an interview at Sanford Meisner's Neighborhood Playhouse.

"He struck me as an original," Meisner recalled, "both tough and childlike - as if he'd been through the wars of life but had managed to preserve a certain basic innocence. I accepted him at once."

Steve McQueen had found himself a career. He accelerated from stage work to a TV series (*Wanted - Dead or Alive*) to a pivotal role in John Sturges' classic western, *The Magnificent Seven*. The success of that film led Sturges to choose McQueen as the co-star of his WWII action-adventure, *The Great Escape*. The movie was a blockbuster and McQueen became "a bankable commodity." Thereafter followed a string of hits that included *The Cincinnati Kid*, *The Sand Pebbles*, *The Thomas Crown Affair*, *Bullitt*, *Papillon*, and *The Towering Inferno*. Francis Ford Coppola wanted McQueen to star in his epic, *Apocalypse Now*, but ended up with Marlon Brando when McQueen demanded \$3m. for three weeks work. At the end of his career, McQueen even turned down a firm offer of \$4m. from the Italian producer, Carlo Ponti.

After a three-year hitch in the Marines, Steve McQueen headed for New York "where the real action was." He resumed his gypsy exist-

The man died rich. The money never made him happy. McQueen was an accomplished race car and motorcycle driver whose devotion to fast, smooth-running machines far exceeded his devotion to any one human being. Despite his wealth, McQueen remained a hard-living man all his fifty years. His life reads more like a series of battles in which McQueen emerges scarred, but victorious. He lost the last one to cancer in 1980. Not without a fight.

I MEAN, who wants to read a book about Richard Burton, that ex-husband of the ex-giant Liz Taylor, that ex-movie star, ex-alcoholic? If you do, Fergus Caslin's *Richard Burton* will give you your money's worth. Caslin writes with sensationalist aplomb about the son of a poor, Welsh coalminer who acquired riches and fame beyond a sane man's fantasies.

Listen! Now Burton is eighteen and Nevill Coghill, Merton professor of English Literature is speaking: "I wrote in 1944 - this boy is a genius and will be a great actor. He is outstandingly handsome and robust and very masculine and with deep inward fire. I have had only two men of genius to teach - W.H. Auden and Richard Burton. When they happen one cannot mistake them."

Does that sound like the exorbitantly-overpriced ham of such filmic flotsam as *Villain*, *The Klansman* and *Divorce His, Divorce Hers*? In 1951 Kenneth Tynan wrote: "A shrewd Welsh boy shines out with greatness. Burton's playing of Prince Hal in *King Henry IV, Part I* turned interested speculation to awe almost as soon as he started to speak: in the first intermission the local critics stood agape in the lobbies. Burton is a still, brimming pool, running disturbingly deep; at twenty-five he commands repose and can make silence garrulous."

As late as 1955, Burton's *Henry V* earned him "the coveted" *Evening Standard* Drama Award for the best performance by an actor on the English stage. Along with Paul Scofield, Burton was the burning, theat-

rical nova of his generation. That he eventually chose to worship the Hollywood Almightly Dollar Sign and embrace Hollywood's golden calf, Elizabeth Taylor, is the glitzy, vodka-soaked nub of the Richard Burton saga. His solid achievements in cinema (*Look Back in Anger*, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, *The Spy Who Came In From The Cold*) tend to pale in the glare of the vegetable Everest of hype that accompanied his conquest of, and eventual descent from, Mount Elizabeth.

DIRK BOGARDE, actor, has become Dirk Bogarde, actor/author. *An Orderly Man* is his third volume of autobiography, and covers the years 1970-1983. Bogarde writes of the pleasure and fulfillment he received working with such auteur film directors as Visconti (*Death In Venice* and *The Damned*), Resnais (*Provence*), and Fassbinder (*Despair*). He comments also on the endless number of "cardigan-and-knitted-tie-roles" he committed himself to in order to keep his household intact. Much of the book is devoted also to Bogarde's restoration of the French farmhouse he now lives in. He writes in detail about the extensive renovations he supervised, and the difficulties he experienced with an arcane French bureaucracy.

I am a fan of Bogarde, the actor. Not so the author. Bogarde's spareness of expression well suits the subtle requirements of a movie camera in the hands of a Resnais or Visconti. But as a writer, Bogarde's spareness becomes reticence to a marked degree, and the flickers of feeling that emanate from his eyes on camera never appear on the printed page. The unspoken meanings of a taught silence on screen cannot be transferred to a written medium. While Bogarde is a smooth stylist, I find *An Orderly Man* bereft of naked emotion. His words come fully clothed. His depth of feeling is masked and therefore obscured. And because of this reticence, the meaning Dirk Bogarde gives to his life experience is muted. □

MOSHE DOTHAN'S *Hammath Tiberias* is the first of two volumes covering the final reports on the excavations in Hammath Tiberias. The volume concentrates on the early synagogues unearthed on the site, and also surveys the earlier Hellenistic and early Roman periods. Its special archaeological importance is largely due to the presence of several superimposed buildings, enabling the investigator to achieve accurate chronological dating.

At the time of excavation, it was the first series of stratified synagogues to be uncovered, but in the meantime some Galilean synagogues, including those at Capernaum, were excavated or re-excavated. Only such meticulously carried out operations may solve the vexing problems of Jewish art and archaeology in the formative time of the post-Second Temple destruction.

Hammath Tiberias, a large-format hard cover book, is beautifully printed on art paper, and incorporates 16 pages of carefully drawn diagrams and 24 pages of black-and-white photographs of the site. These include remarkable close-ups of the mosaics and inscriptions as well as pottery fragments and coins discovered on the spot. There are also 11 coloured plates of the famous pavement of the synagogue of Severos from Stratum IIa.

A final plate shows colour pieces of painted wall plaster from the synagogue, and an exquisite glass goblet found in an earlier layer (Stratum III) from the first century of the Christian era. Altogether, *Hammath Tiberias* is a well-executed, richly illustrated book. It lacks an index, but this will be included in the second volume.

PROFESSOR DOTHAN divides his book into five chapters, the first being an introduction in which he discusses the identification of Hammath Tiberias and gives a historical review of Tiberias, Hammath and of the later unified city. This is followed by a summary of the archaeological investigations, beginning with that carried out in 1920-21 by N. Slonimsky for the Jewish Palestine Exploration Society, some 300 metres north-west of the present site.

During work for the modern bathhouse in 1935-36, A. Sherer explored remains accidentally uncovered, then in 1947 further construction revealed walls which N. Makhlouf, Inspector for the Mandate Department of Antiquities, thought warranted a closer look. He opened a few trial trenches and reached an apse and floors of the buildings of Strata Ib and Ia, paved with mosaics and flagstones, which he assumed to be a church.

The late B. Rahmani cleared some of the ancient installations around the spring in 1951, while in the following year Y. Shapira unearthed a number of early seventh century tombs. It was not until 1961 that an organized, large-scale expedition headed by Professor Dothan was begun and continued until 1965.

Hammath Tiberias' earliest settlement, referred to as Stratum IV, dates back to the Seleucid and Hasmonaean periods. Although architectural remains were few and incomplete, indications are that a substantial public building existed here, possibly linked to the hot springs which were then, as now, a remarkable natural feature. Two bowls, part of a jug, and other pottery scraps recovered appear to belong to the early Hellenistic era, as do several of the coins, while others are Hasmonaean.

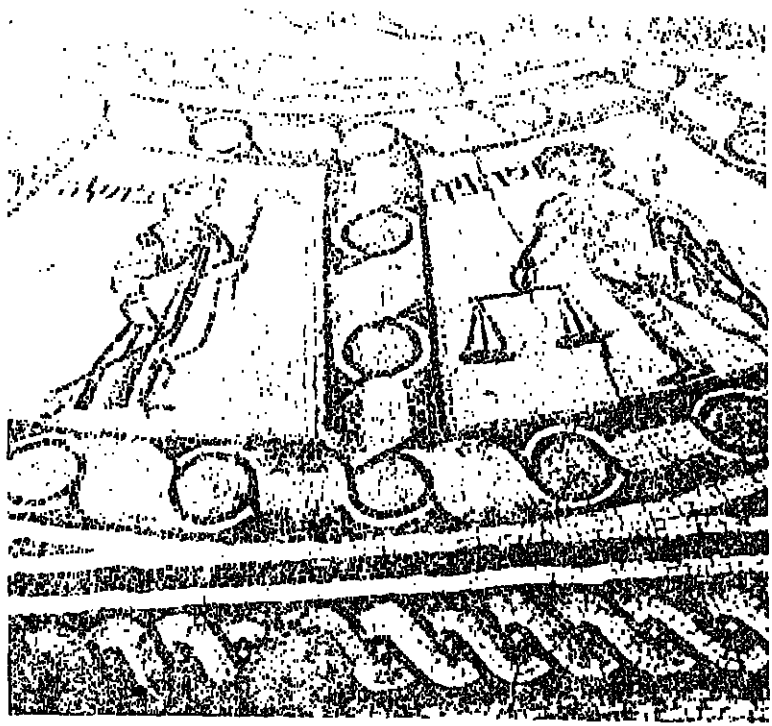
Later constructions of Stratum III - about 20 to 135 CE - are reviewed in chapter III. No clear-cut structures were revealed, but there are traces of a spacious building, possibly a gymnasium or a palaestra - a place for callisthenes - attached to the baths. This theory is strengthened by the fact that remnants of the Herodian thermæ - hot water reservoirs and conduits - were found nearby.

GLANCING BACK at the correlation between the history of Hammath Tiberias and the present excavations at Hammath, it will be recalled that Tiberias was founded by Herod Antipas around 20 CE, while Hammath, directly to the south, had its own separate existence as a viable town attached to the hot springs. Tiberias was then a Hellenistic-type walled city, built on a grand scale with a palace, public baths, a market place and a stadium, and allowed to mint its own coins and to formulate its own laws. At first, however, Orthodox Jews avoided settling there, for it was built over a cemetery and thus was ritually unclean.

At the time of the first revolt against the Romans in 67 CE, Tiberias' population decided to submit without a fight. The city was spared destruction and returned to the governorship of Agrippa II, after whose death it came under Roman control. With the collapse of the Bar Kochba revolt in 135, and the flight of Jews from Judea to Galilee, Tiberias began to develop, particularly after Rabbi Simeon bar Yohai declared its purification.

Tiberias and Hammath became united. The priestly Maaziah family, previously of Hammath, felt themselves free to move into the larger unit. Centres of learning were set up; the Mishnah and the Jerusalem Talmud were completed here, and the Masoretic text evolved. Hammath Tiberias became the seat of the Sanhedrin and the centre of Jewish life for the Land of Israel and the Diaspora. During this fruitful period the rich synagogues and outbuildings of the third and fourth centuries were erected.

Mosaic mysteries



HAMMATH TIBERIAS. Early synagogues and the Hellenistic and Roman remains by Moshe Dothan. Jerusalem, Israel Exploration Society/University of Haifa/Department of Antiquities and Museums, 124 pp. \$45.

Sylvia Mann

in chapter III. No clear-cut structures were revealed, but there are traces of a spacious building, possibly a gymnasium or a palaestra - a place for callisthenes - attached to the baths. This theory is strengthened by the fact that remnants of the Herodian thermæ - hot water reservoirs and conduits - were found nearby.

The two lowest strata discussed in this volume mark the start of the superimposed synagogue buildings. The earliest, in Stratum IIb, dating from the first half of the third century CE, was a basilica-type broad-house synagogue divided along its north-south axis by three rows each of three columns. The basilica, measuring roughly 9 by 13.5 metres, was extended by a room to the north and another to the south. Floral painted plaster seems to have lined the walls, and the floors were paved with simple-design mosaics, of which very little survived. Incidentally, the pavement of Stratum IIb is one of the very earliest, if not the earliest, of mosaic synagogue floors in the Land of Israel.

Professor Dothan writes at length on the role of this building as a synagogue dating from the first half of the third century. Entrance was from the east through the southern extension room which acted as a corridor, so that, as in the early Galilean houses of worship, the mobile Tora ark was placed before the entry doors, and the worshipper, in facing it, turned towards Jerusalem.

Differences between this and other early Galilean synagogues include the absence of ornamented, carved stones on the exterior; the presence of painted walls and a mosaic floor; and the riddle of the fourth (eastern) aisle. This may possibly have been screened off for use as an *Ezra Nashim*, or special women's section.

CHAPTER V, describing Stratum IIa - the Synagogue of Severos - comprises almost two-thirds of the text of Hammath Tiberias. Much

attention is paid to the architecture of the synagogue, but most emphasis is directed to the extraordinary mosaic pavements, and to the Hebrew, Aramaic and Greek inscriptions, some of which have been fully published here for the first time. The excavator calls the prayer hall the Synagogue of Severos, whose name appears twice in the Greek dedicatory inscriptions.

Generally speaking, the layout of the Synagogue of Severos, around 13 by 15 metres in size, conforms in its design to the earlier one directly below, but with a few basic changes. One is that the corridor to the south, which previously had led on to the entry doors, was partitioned into four small chambers, of which the one referred to as room 3b was a continuation of the prayer hall.

With the opening from the south neutralized, the entrance to the Synagogue of Severos was, as was common to the later Galilean synagogues, from the north, so that the congregants face the Torah shrine and thus also Jerusalem.

However, the mosaic pavements provided the most spectacular feature of the synagogue, for in addition to the geometric-patterned carpets in the aisles and between the pillars, the nave presented a three-panelled picture delicately worked in tesserae of 30 columns. Nearest to the ark was a pedimented Tora shrine draped with a curtain and flanked by two seven-branched candelabra with flames flickering toward the centre of each. Symbolic items, such as a scholar or scribe's horn, ceremonial censers or incense shovels, and the ritual harvest festival lulav (palm tips), hadas (myrtle), etrog (citron), and arava (willow) are depicted against a flower-scattered background.

The square central panel shows a Zodiac wheel, with the sun god - Helios - driving a chariot, while surrounding him are the twelve signs of the Zodiac, clearly designated in Hebrew letters. In the outer corners are women's heads and shoulders, each representing one of the four seasons - Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter - with inscriptions in Hebrew.

Remarkable workmanship is shown in the delineation of these female busts. The large-eyed, oval faces bear a wistful expression. Necklaces and earrings adorn all four women, who wear various headresses and carry an appropriate offering. Spring is personified as a flower-wreathed girl holding a blue glass, fruit-filled bowl; Summer is crowned with leaves and berries, and grasps a sickle in her hand; Autumn's headress is rich with the fruit and blossom of the pomegranate, while Winter has a folded kerchief on her head and carries a pitcher.

An interesting sidelight on synagogue mosaics - and incidentally on Jewish art in the Land of Israel - may be noted by the fact that the sixth century mosaic of Beit Alpha, found in 1928, is far more primitive in its design and execution than those in Hammath Tiberias. These pavements, pre-dating Beit Alpha's by some two centuries, reflect far greater sophistication, skill and artistic awareness than the later ones.

On the north, presumably just inside the entrance, is a square section into nine equal spaces protected by two lions with thick manes and fashing tails. Each section, written in Greek, blesses and thanks a donor to the synagogue, while only Severos is considered worthy of two units. The double inscription reads: SEVEROS DISCIPLE OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PATRIARCHS FULFILLED IT: BLESSINGS UPON HIM. AMEN.

Two other parallel inscriptions, each measuring about 100 by 30 centimetres, are found in the eastern aisle adjoining the nave. Uppermost are three lines in Greek, again mentioning Severos and "loullos (the supervisor)", while below is a three-row Aramaic prayer of thanks and appreciation of the charitable donors. In the further eastern aisle is a large - 116 by 68 centimetre - mosaic panel in Greek, memorializing a certain Prothoros the Elder.

WHAT IS THE special contribution of Moshe Dothan to the story of Hammath Tiberias in general and to the archaeology of synagogues specifically? His fundamental work, carried out over four seasons of excavation, is presented with great detail and thoroughness. He sheds new light on a number of hitherto unknown aspects of the synagogues of Hammath Tiberias.

For the first time, all the inscriptions are discussed and analysed together - the isolated Hebrew words on the signs of the Zodiac; the names of the seasons on each corner.

And the other Greek writings included, especially the nine-unit dedicatory table in the nave, the three rows of Greek, and the adjoining three rows of Aramaic between the pillars east of the nave, are also fully dealt with. This treatment will serve as "edific principles."

In his stunning up, Professor Dothan gives an overall view of the early fourth century Severos Synagogue as seen by a contemporary worshipper. Entering the wide hall divided by columns into four sections, his eye would be attracted by the bright mosaic pavements, patterned with floral and abstract designs, covering the western and twin eastern aisles.

The nave was even more spectacular. Immediately at the entrance he would see the nine-unit dedicatory panel guarded by two rampant lions. Beyond was a square enclosing a Zodiac wheel, with the chariot driven by Helios the sun god as the central figure and females symbolizing the four seasons in each corner. Nearest the ark, reached by three rising steps, are images of the ark itself, of various religious symbols, and of utensils employed in rituals of worship.

Dothan focuses on the controversial presence of a pagan god in the centre of a Jewish house of prayer. He stresses that the Helios representation was depicted about 100 years after "R. Yohanan approved the decoration of walls with paintings," and a little before R. Abun's statement that he "did not object to figurative mosaics." It seems that statues were prohibited, and any kind of emperor homage frowned upon, but Dr. Dothan quotes from Targum Jonathan to *Leviticus* 26:1 that, "You shall not set up a figured stone in your land, to bow down to it, but a mosaic pavement of designs and forms you may set in the floor of your places of worship, so long as you do not do obeisance to it."

Thus the author's interesting conclusion is that these signs and symbols of what might be considered pagan objects were placed in the prayer hall with the full approval of the wise men of Hammath Tiberias. Such a broad-minded attitude to the generally accepted cosmopolitan culture is a remarkable reflection on the rabbis and sages of third and fourth century Tiberias, by then the capital of Jewry both in the Land of Israel and the Diaspora.

A final word on Professor Dothan's outstanding publication is that, although basically geared to the needs of the expert archaeologist and scholar, it will nevertheless be found interesting and informative by the general reader.

THE AIM of this book is to help tired and tense people who find that they are unable to calm down. Ms. Mitchell offers a simple method of relaxation, which is based on natural physiological laws, and which may be practised during the course of everyday routine: while driving a car, talking on the telephone, at meetings, etc. The author herself, who suffered a long history of rheumatic pains, tried all other popular methods of relaxation with no success, until her continuous efforts to ease her pain finally led her to the discovery of her own "Mitchell method," which she gradually developed and improved over the years. Today, the method is widely known and practised in Great Britain as well as other countries.

A general understanding of the muscles and the way they work is not essential for practice of the method, but helps in its understanding and appreciation. Ms. Mitchell therefore devotes two chapters to the subjects of nerves, muscles, voluntary and reflexive movements, and how the body reacts to situations of pressure. From there she goes on to explain the technique of her "physiological relaxation" method, and emphasizes the following principle: the brain must give specific and explicit instructions to every part of the body in order to bring about relaxation. The Vague order "relax" is not sufficient. The various orders

Lazy bones

HARPAYA AYNBA'AYA (Simple Relaxation) by Laura Mitchell. Tel Aviv, Massada 127 pp. No price stated.

Sara Azrad

to be given to the arms, legs, face, etc. are spelled out in detail. These orders may be carried out in a lying down or sitting position, in various everyday situations.

A few of these situations are discussed, with particular advice as regards each one. When driving a car, for instance, one should take advantage of red lights and traffic jams to practise physiological relaxation, rather than letting impatience and anger well up. When giving a speech or being interviewed, one should have notes prepared beforehand, and free oneself of all unnecessary tension (a certain amount of tension is necessary) by giving appropriate orders to the jaw, forehead, hands and legs. The physiological relaxation method has

also proved effective when used by women during pregnancy, during the different stages of the birth process, and after birth. The proper way of breathing is particularly important here.

THE FINAL chapter of the book is a review of three other popular methods of relaxation and how they compare with the Mitchell method. The first is transcendental meditation, which demands quiet, solitude and time, unlike the Mitchell method, which may be carried out very quickly during the active life of a busy executive or housewife. Physiological relaxation, it is noted, may be useful as a preparation for meditation. The other two methods surveyed are biofeedback - a mechanical means of testing the presence of tension in the body - and dissociation, a technique by which one consciously tenses a certain part of the body while relaxing another part. Exercises of this method are recommended with the aim of reaching control over one's body insofar as possible.

Almost everyone in our modern society experiences unnecessary tiredness, tenseness or irritability, in various degrees. Awareness of this fact and a determination to do something about it are the two important first steps. The third step, of action, is outlined in the present handbook in simple terms, with accompanying illustrations for further clarity. It's certainly worth a try. □

Yankee doodles

HAHISTORIA SHEL ARTSOT-HABRIT by Samuel Eliot Morrison, Henry Commager, and William E. Leuchtenburg. Tel Aviv, Zmora, Bitan, 2 vols., 884 pp. No price stated.

Jeffrey M. Green

THIS WELL-printed, well-illustrated work, is a Hebrew edition of *A Concise History of the American Republic* translated by Amir Oren. It is an important contribution to Israeli intellectual and cultural life. The authors are among the three most eminent contemporary American historians, and they offer a cogent and reliable account of their field. Volume One brings us from pre-history to the end of the nineteenth century, and Volume Two deals with the twentieth century, finishing with a section "From Camelot to Watergate".

From the perspective of a people whose history extends so far back in time, it sometimes appears that a young nation like the United States has no history, or, if it does, not a terribly important history: something like early adolescence, which feels pretty momentous as one goes through it, but in retrospect, looks rather trivial. That view, however, is dead wrong. Many vital issues of the modern age have been played out upon the stage of American history. Second, given the great importance of the United States to Israel in particular, not to mention its enormous power and influence throughout the world, deeper understanding of that great power is necessary for successful relations with it.

Finally, modern Israeli culture, like modern culture all over the world, is swamped by American popular culture: music, television shows, films, products, styles, and advertising techniques. Intellectual snobs tend to be dismissive of America for that reason, but their attitude is far from an effective tactic for resisting the power of that cultural forcefield. Only deeper knowledge of American history and institutions can offer the understanding necessary for creative resistance, resistance based on understanding that we have something to learn from America about living in the modern age.

This work would be an excellent textbook for very bright high school students, or perhaps as the basis for an introductory college course, but it is also intended for the general reader. In my opinion it should be required reading for every policymaker in the Foreign Ministry, both experts in the field who could always benefit from a comprehensive overview, and for the less expert who should be more so. □

A city of two tables



"It is a disaster... to find Jerusalem, the city of love and peace, turned into a home for killing, hatred, provocation and misunderstanding." — Former U.S. president Jimmy Carter, in a statement to a Kuwaiti newspaper.

"Despite the turmoil that dominates the region, Jerusalem remains tranquil, its residents living in neighbourly coexistence, with freedom of access to all holy places and with each ethnic and religious community having equal control of its own daily life. Never in the history of Jerusalem has such freedom existed." — Jerusalem Mayor Teddy Kollek, in response.

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Obsessed by death

FRANZ KAFKA's centennial has been celebrated by hundreds of people in a hundred times a hundred words, but nothing memorializes him more suitably than this volume, containing — with the exception of the three novels — all his fiction: fragments, fables, vignettes, and unfinished narratives, along with the short stories that ensure his fame.

It must be said at once that this centennial edition is beautifully edited and produced, with a frontispiece portrait, manuscript pages on the endpapers, four drawings, and a jacket photograph of the Old City of Prague. It is a fitting testament to a Czechoslovak whose work is a kind of handwriting on the wall, his written words reinforced by the ones spoken to Gustav Janouch, author of *Conversations with Kafka*, as the two were walking past the Old Synagogue in Prague: "Men will try to grind the synagogue to dust by destroying the Jews themselves."

Never more strongly is Kafka's preoccupation with the unattainable insisted upon than in the two parables which introduce the book. The first, "Before the Law," heralds *The Trial*, and in a page and a half encapsulates the life and death of a man barred by the Doorkeeper from entering the gates of the Law. Just before he dies the man asks why nobody else has approached in all that time, and the Doorkeeper roars: "...this gate was made only for you. Now I'm going to shut it."

The second parable, "An Imperial Message," is transferred unaltered to "The Great Wall of China"; the incomplete wall is a microcosm for the undelivered message. The difficulty, the impossibility, of transmitting a message, even though it is sent especially to you by the emperor, forces you to



THE COMPLETE STORIES by Franz Kafka. New York, Schocken Books. 486 pp. \$22.50.

Evelyn Strouse

dream a message, dream the idea of a message, dream, in fact, the idea of an emperor, of a great wall, since you are far from the centre of things and cannot verify what you hear or imagine you hear.

Kafka said of himself that he could never finish anything, that he was afraid of the truth, and his life's details — the aborted attempts to marry, to learn Hebrew well, to move to Israel — bear this out as clearly as does his fiction. Death is the giant shadow, and takes many forms: a beetle, if that's what it was, in "The Metamorphosis," an ape turned human or humanoid in "A Report to an Academy," a mole-like creature in "The Burrow." In abstract terms, death is betrayal and ridicule and cruelty, but most of all it is inaccessibility. Kafka was not in love with death, only obsessed with it, obsessed with the suspicion that in death might be reconciled the truth that he feared to arrive at.

A NUMBER of these stories, said to have been unfinished when

Kafka died, are at least as conclusive as many that he was willing to publish in his lifetime.

He doesn't arrive at the castle or learn the charges against him in *The Trial*, yet, on those occasions when he does come to an incontrovertible stopping point, beginning and end seem to be one. Gregor Samsa, for example, dies in the last pages of "The Metamorphosis," but his death as a man took place much earlier, when he was transformed. "A Hunger Artist," more profoundly said because Kafka was dying when he wrote it, is caged and half dead by virtue of, among other reasons, his profession. Persistent self-starvation, with shorter and shorter periods to recover, sets him in the lap of death before he is engulfed entirely. His piteous final words, "I couldn't find the food I liked. If I had found it, believe me, I should have made no fuss but stuffed myself like you or anyone else," can stand as an epitaph. For if the truth had been bearable the phenomenon that is Kafka would not have existed.

AND YET he was a comic artist too. Bureaucratic pomposity, official complacency, ignorance masquerading as self-importance speak out so authentically that we smile to ourselves, and shake our heads. When Kafka read his stories aloud to his friends he laughed so hard that he couldn't continue. That we don't laugh aloud is perhaps the fault of the translation, which is correct but unwieldy, as heavy-footed in its sentence structure as the German from which it derives. It is curiously flat as well, a condition hard to reconcile with a prose said to be elegant, pithy and straightforward.

But profundity and prophecy and spiritual pain break the language barrier. Nabokov says that Kafka is "the greatest German writer of our time...such poets as Rilke or such novelists as Thomas Mann are dwarfs and plaster saints in comparison with him."

The high frontier

JAMES A. MICHENER has never been one to walk away from a big story. Not for him the microscopic caterwaulings of his literary contemporaries. He needs plenty of elbow room when sitting around the campfire. Toko-ri, Hawaii, Israel, South Africa, and lately Poland, have proved too confining for his developed sense of wonder. But in *Space*, Michener may have found a milieu massive enough to accommodate his explorations.

The critics have called this book a fictionalized version of Tom Wolfe's *The Right Stuff*. Far from it. Sure, the astronauts feature prominently — the Chuck Yeagerish-speaking hot-shot, Tex-Mex flyboy Randy Claggett, the John Glenn-type straight-arrow John Pope — but Michener has penetrated beyond the hype and banality imposed on these figures by NASA-dom.

The wonder of the book is that Michener didn't start his epic chronicle with the Big Bang. Instead, he begins with the closing months of World War II, when the Americans and Russians attempted to whisk away the Nazis' rocketry experts. Employing a huge cast of characters, some fictional and others real-life, Michener offers nothing less than an account of the U.S. space programme, from the first faltering days of the Sputnik shot till today.

SPACE, by James Michener. New York, Fawcett Crest. 808 pp. \$6.50.

Sheldon Teitelbaum

Michener has always given his characters the strength of dream. However, in the section of the book dedicated to the merits and liabilities of SF, Michener points out that while one group only dreams, the second endangers itself to make those dreams come true. So there is something amusing in the wall of an SF writer, toward the end of this novel: "We've been talking about these things for the past 40 years," Michener's use of the Walter Miller novel, *A Canticle for Leibowitz*, as a metaphor for the struggle between those of knowledge and ignorant faith, is extremely apt.

The novel argues persuasively that the negative realism of the American public to space exploration was part of that long struggle between those who pursue knowledge as man's noblest activity and the others who prefer the bliss of know-nothingness.

The novel is thought-provoking also in its treatment of the path taken by NASA, as opposed to the others it then could have taken. One of Michener's characters, the

German rocket engineer Dieter Koff, argues against manned space flight. The attempt to send men to the moon, he maintains, is entertainment for the masses. It will not only divert the programme from its legitimate aims, it will kill it. He argues that the moon, and Mars and the rest of the solar system are just a wayside station to the stars. His machines will do the job cheaper, quicker and better. Starlight is just a decade off, given the will. Koff learns, however, that his work won't be funded unless the bread and circuses are provided for also and that competition in space with the Russians is part of the context of his research.

There is an unaccustomed note of despair in Michener's new book. America, he says, has lost its will. The only hope is that other countries — Europe, India, Israel — will develop what it has learned. The knowledge is out there for taking. We have heard the remnant echoes of creation, seen pictures of the moons of Jupiter that would have shocked and inspired Kepler and Galileo and have ion engines and ramjets that will take a man to the stars (though the Earth will age hundreds of years before he returns). But we flee from the expense, from the very need to define ourselves by the universe of which we are a part. We are, says astronomer Carl Sagan, made of star stuff — the universe's way of knowing itself. What a shame, says Michener, if we refuse to trust our own eyes.

MANY of the letters I receive these days concern the high price of things. I often wish I had studied economics rather than political science, so that I might be better equipped to deal with the manipulators and merchandisers who give me all sorts of excuses for the prices they charge. As it is, I must rely on simple observation and common sense. My readers' letters are a help.

For instance, I had a letter from Philadelphia the other day about the "evolutionary" price of doughnuts in Israel as compared with the U.S. I had written that the new Donut Duck chain in Tel Aviv was charging the equivalent of 60 U.S. cents for a doughnut and claiming that the usual price in the United States is 50 cents.

Not so, according to my correspondent from Philadelphia. He says the usual charge per doughnut at the famous Dunkin' Donuts chain there is 25 cents — and he enclosed an advertisement of a "special" that sells for 19 cents. By way of reinforcement, he added that doughnuts at the Pathmark supermarket chain in the same city were 22 cents each.

Meanwhile, back in Tel Aviv, Donut Duck has raised its price to IS140 a doughnut — the equivalent of 70 U.S. cents. "It doesn't pay for us to sell them for less," said Eytan Kamil, one of the partners. This time he said the Tel Aviv price was comparable to the price in England, not the U.S. He added that perhaps some sort of doughnut price war is going on in Philadelphia.

Attempting to justify the high Tel Aviv prices, Kamil said that Donut Duck continues to import its ingredients from the U.S. and has not come up with a suitable mix from local flours and oils, which might bring prices down. Or push profits up. Donut Duck seems to be doing well with its present prices. It has just opened a third branch, at 153 Dizengoff.

SO YOU CAN live without doughnuts, or make your own. But what about medications? A reader in Jerusalem writes that her husband's life depends on the drug Imuran — a foreign product often required by persons who have undergone an organ transplant. She was astounded to learn that the official price here is nearly three times that in the U.S. To verify this, she enclosed a receipt from a Rock Island, Illinois, branch of the well-known Walgreens drug-store chain.

Imuran is not a cheap medication. In the U.S. it costs 45 cents per tablet — or about 90 shekels at the exchange rate at the end of May. In Israel the official consumer price of Imuran in May was IS260.71 per tablet, or nearly three times the American retail price.

Drug prices here are strictly controlled by the Ministry of Health's Statistical Department, Subdivision for Price Control. Prices for imported drugs are set on the basis of the f.o.b. (free-on-board) price, multiplied by a ministry-approved coefficient meant to cover shipping costs, customs and port duties, and supposedly reasonable expenses and profits for the importer and retailer. This is translated into a local currency figure once a month, and VAT is added. That becomes the official list price.

In reply to my inquiry, this Health Ministry department confirmed that the price my reader quoted for Jerusalem pharmacies was indeed the registered local price for Imuran. In the wake of my call, however, the department has decided to write the importer for a clarification of its price calculations and an explanation of the huge difference between the Israeli and U.S. prices.

Meanwhile, I spoke directly with Promedico Ltd. of Petah Tikva, the importer of Imuran. It brings the drug from England, not the U.S. The deputy director of Promedico, Gideon Kaplan, told me it is common for medicines to cost the Israeli consumer two-and-a-half to three times what they cost abroad. He admitted that the customs duty on Imuran is "very low," but said the Health Ministry takes into account other factors in approving prices, including the high cost of financing in Israel and the need to maintain stocks. Kaplan added that most people who require this expensive drug get it through their sick funds, presumably without payment or at reduced cost.

This last point is irrelevant to my basic question, since Imuran is also available at pharmacies at an official price sanctioned by the Health Ministry. I find it difficult to believe that a fair price must be three times higher than in the U.S., where manufacturers and retailers also make a profit. Apparently the ministry's Subdivision for Price Control also finds this hard to understand, or it would not be questioning Promedico again.

A NEW immigrant in Netanya writes to complain about the high price here of a made-in-Israel Revlon body lotion. She says several shops in Hulfia and Netanya quoted her a price for Revlon's Intimate Super Moisture Lotion which was five times what she paid for it in South Africa. She paid about the equivalent of \$4 there; here she was quoted the shekel equivalent of \$21 for the same 350 ml. size bottle.

I happened to have a current local Revlon price list on hand, and found this product and size listed at IS2465, or just over \$17 at today's exchange rate. Even that is more than four times what my reader says she paid abroad.

The marketing manager for Revlon Israel, Mordechai Katzman, says he prefers to write to South Africa for a printed price list before making a final statement on price comparisons. He says you must compare either list-prices versus list-prices, or actual shop prices versus actual shop prices.

Meanwhile, however, Katzman said that twice a year — and the month of May was one of those occasions — Revlon offers a "special" on this body lotion, selling the 350 ml. size for the list-price of 200 ml., which is IS2,520 or about \$12.50. He said that if my reader made her inquiries in May, she should have been offered this "special" price, not the list price for 350 ml. He added that certain discount pharmacies in Israel and some private pharmacies regularly sell Revlon products at 20 to 30 per cent below list prices.

Cost conscious

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

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Those who read my article on shampoo prices last month will recall that Revlon Israel has a complicated formula for justifying higher prices here, taking into account all the taxes, financing costs, exchange-rate fluctuations and so on. Pure cosmetic items such as body lotion carry an even higher purchase-tax rate than soaps and shampoos. I was reminded, even so, it is useful every so often to take a look at what things cost abroad before we calmly accept the prices here as normal and inevitable.

He was referring indirectly of course to Osem's well-known "instant shake," Chocoman. This is much cheaper than Ba-Li Shake, but it doesn't contain as many ingredients. The Chocoman mix contains

CONSUMER REPORTERS them-

selves have a hard time remembering prices these days. At a press conference recently, not one of us could quote the correct price for a litre of milk (IS69). The occasion was the launching of Vita's Ba-Li Shake, a four-flavoured milk shake mix to be combined with ordinary milk, either in a blender or a special plastic shaker.

We were trying to calculate the cost of a milkshake made with Ba-Li Shake, as the price of the new product seemed high. It costs IS135 for a double packet, which will make two to three milkshakes. In a blender, the mix fluffs up to greater volume than in the hand-shaker. Most consumers, however, and particularly children, will prefer the hand-held plastic shaker into which you put one packet of Ba-Li and one cup of milk. Cost will be IS67.50 for the powder, IS17 for a quarter litre of milk — or approximately IS85 for a glassful of milkshake, in vanilla, chocolate, banana or strawberry flavour.

It is difficult to know what to compare this with in order to see if the price is reasonable. Vita's general manager Yitzhak Plotkin says there is no comparable product on the market. Ba-Li Shake, says Vita, is a new development entirely which allows a convenient powder to substitute for the ice cream usually needed to make a proper milkshake. Yet this is not an ice-cream powder. Nor is it comparable, Vita says, to other products on the market which use the word "shake" and are intended to mix with milk. Those are merely chocolate-milk powders, not milkshake mixes, Plotkin says.

He was referring indirectly of course to Osem's well-known "instant shake," Chocoman. This is much cheaper than Ba-Li Shake, but it doesn't contain as many ingredients. The Chocoman mix contains

only sugar, cocoa and lecithin. The chocolate-flavoured Ba-Li Shake contains sugar, cocoa, milk solids, starch, stabilizers, flavourings, and vitamins A, B₁, B₂, and niacin in quantities equal to those already present in one cup of milk — hence doubling the vitamin dosage when one drinks a glassful of milk with Ba-Li in it. According to Vita, this glassful will provide 20 to 30 per cent of a child's daily requirement of these vitamins. Ba-Li's strawberry and banana flavourings are processed locally from real fruit, we were told.

Nevertheless, price-watchers are still tempted to compare the cost of a Ba-Li Shake with that of the more conventional Osem instant shake — or similar products from Elite, Topaz, etc. Taking the same quarter litre of milk at IS17, you can have a glassful of chocolate or strawberry-flavoured drink by adding IS18 to IS24 worth of Osem instant shake mix. (The difference depends on whether you buy small tins or large economy packs of the Osem product.) At most, the drink will cost IS41 per glassful, less than half the price of a Ba-Li milkshake.

Plotkin argues that a fairer comparison would be with the cost of a homemade milkshake using commercial ice cream — which he claims would equal or approach Vita's price. He also suggests we should compare the cost of a full glass of Ba-Li milkshake with the various commercial dessert products (Strauss's Milky and Dany, Tenne Noga's Mousse, etc.), which range in price from about IS50 to IS85 and are much smaller than a glassful of milkshake.

The non-electric white plastic shaker sells for IS300 and comes with a double packet of Ba-Li Shake.

I RECEIVED a press release the other day about Motti Sweets' chocolate-flavoured bars called Od, which are marked "tismiao" to show that they contain vegetable fat instead of cocoa butter. This is required by Israeli law which forbids labelling as "chocolate" any product that contains a substitute for real cocoa butter.

The general manager of Motti Sweets, Shmuel Donnerstein, says that this is unfair in view of the advances in technology for cocoa butter substitution and in light of labelling practices abroad. He claims our law is a hangover from the austerity regulations of Dov Joseph in the early '50s to prevent a black market in cocoa butter.

What interested me more, however, was the Motti statement that its 50-gram Od chocolate-flavoured bar costs "only IS40 to IS45" compared to IS55 for the standard milk chocolate bars of that size made with real cocoa butter by other firms. I would have expected a much greater difference. The prices were valid for May.

At the Carmel open-air market in Tel Aviv last week, a vendor was selling Od bars at IS100 for three. That's more like it.

TENNE NOGA has turned Pied Piper. To promote its new ice-cream lollies, the dairy is launching a free mobile children's theatre, featuring "Shmuel the Cat on Wheels." It will tour neighbourhoods around the country — accompanied, of course, by a van selling its products.

The new offerings for the season include "Shmuel the Cat," a vanilla ice-cream lolly with cherry-flavoured candy-sticks in it, and "Deep Secret," an apple-and-honey ice lolly. The ice-cream lollies from Tenne-Noga cost IS76.50 this month; the simpler ice lollies cost IS58.50.

Martha Meisels